

DODSLEY'S WORKS,
forming part of
Cooke's Pocket Edition of
the Original & Complete Works of
SELECT BRITISH POETS,
or Entertaining Poetical Library
containing the most Esteemed
Poetic Productions
Superbly Embellished



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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
ROBERT DODSLEY.

WITH
THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Cooke's Edition.

Of culture, and the various fruits of earth,
The Muse, disdaining idle themes, attempts
To sing-----
O native Sherwood! happy were thy bard,
Might these his rural notes, to future time
Boast of tall groves, that, nodding o'er thy plain,
Rose to their tuneful melody. But, ah!
Beneath the feeble efforts of a muse,
Untutor'd by the lore of Greece or Rome,
A stranger to the fair Castalian springs,
Whence happier poets inspiration draw,
And the sweet magic of persuasive song,
The weak presumption, the fond hope expires.

Agriculture, Canto I. II.

EMBELLISHED WITH SUPERB ENGRAVINGS.

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Great-Britain and
Ireland.

LIFE OF DODSLEY.

ROBERT DODSLEY, born in 1703, was a native of the town of Mansfield, in the County of Nottingham, and though descended from parents whose circumstances could not admit of their giving him a classical education, he gave such early proofs of extraordinary talents as recommended him to the notice of many persons, eminent both for their rank and abilities.

In the humble sphere of footman to the Honourable Mrs. Lowther, he produced several little poetical pieces, which being favourably received, he was induced to publish, under the title of *The Muse in Livery*. The work was dedicated to the lady whom he served, and honoured by a very respectable list of subscribers. It appears from the account of Dr. Johnson that our author had been for some time footman to Dartineuf, the luxurious voluptuary, and intimate friend of Pope. "When Lord Lyttleton's Dialogues of the Dead came out," says the Doctor, as reported by Mr. Boswell, "one of which was between Apicius, an ancient epicure, and Dartineuf, a modern epicure, Dodsley said to me, I knew Dartineuf well, I was once his footman."

His reputation was much enhanced by a dramatic piece which he wrote, entitled *The Toy Shop*, founded on Randolph's celebrated Comedy called *The Muses Looking Glass*. Pope was so much pleased with this effort of Dodsley, for the point of the satire and the simplicity of the design, that he became the author's patron, and used his influence to have it brought on the stage without delay. It was performed at Covent Garden theatre in 1735, with universal applause, and, when printed, very favourably received by the public, as one of the most just, and, at the same time, most candid rebukes that fashionable folly has, perhaps, ever met with. The liberal sanction which Pope afforded to Dodsley gave rise to the following malignant lines from the pen of Curl, in 1737.

" 'Tis kind a *Livery Muse* to aid,
" Who scribbles farces to augment his trade,
" when you and Spence and Glover drive the nail,
" The devil's in it if the plot should fail."

The conduct of Dodsley, much to his honour, proved, contrary to the received maxim, that talents and œconomy are not incompatible qualities; for he applied the money he acquired by his first publication and the success of his *Toy-Shop* to very laudable purposes. Instead of relying solely on his own talents for a livelihood, he embarked in an undertaking congenial with his disposition, and favourable to his connection with men

of letters. In 1735, he commenced the trade of a bookseller, in Pall Mall, and through the sanction and countenance of Pope, and the respectability of his own behaviour, his shop soon became the resort of persons of the first rank, and he reckoned Chesterfield, Lyttleton, Spence, Glover, Shenstone, Johnson, and other distinguished characters, in the number of his friends; so that in a few years he rose to great eminence in his profession.

But his attention to business did not occupy his time in so great a degree as to admit of no intervals for the pursuit of his genius as an author. In 1737, he produced a farce, called *The King and the Miller of Mansfield*; which was performed at the theatre in Drury Lane, and received with universal approbation. The plot is founded on a traditional story in the reign of Henry II. which the author wrought into a very pleasing drama, embracing the combined excellence of entertainment and instruction. The dialogue is appropriate to the characters, the satire pointed, though not personal; the sentiments do honour to humanity, and the catastrophe is perfectly simple, affecting and just. He seems to have derived an additional pleasure from the choice of his subject, particularly as the scene lies in and near the Miller's house in Sherwood Forest, near Nottingham and at a short distance from the place of his nativity.

“ O native *Sherwood*! happy were thy bard,
 “ Might these his rural notes to future times
 “ Boast of tall groves, that, nodding o'er thy plain,
 “ Rose to their tuneful melody-----

The year following he produced at the same theatre his *Sir John Cockle at Court*, as a sequel to the *King and the Miller of Mansfield*. In this piece the Miller, lately knighted, is brought up to London with his family to pay his compliments to the King. It did not however produce the same effect as the former, for though the device of the king's disguising himself to put the integrity of the miller to the test, and the infallible proof given of it in the resistance of every temptation of bribery and flattery is certainly deserving a high degree of approbation, yet there is a simplicity and fitness for the drama in the turn of the former production which it seems impossible to attach to the circumstances attending the knighted Miller's appearance at court. It must however be admitted, that these farces, taken in a connected point of view, exhibit a striking contrast between the blunt honesty of rustic manners, and the splendid finesse of court ceremony. They are interspersed with several pleasing songs. According to Mr. Victor's account, in his *History of the Stage*, Doddsley's ballad farce, entitled *The Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green*, was performed at Drury Lane in 1740; but it does not appear to have met with much success.

In 1744, the curious in dramatic productions were highly gratified by his publishing *A Collection of Plays by Old Authors*. The plan was greatly improved by Mr. Reed, who, in 1780, published a second edition, in which, besides a very appropriate preface, and several excellent notes, some plays previously inserted are rejected, and others introduced in their room. Mr. Reed, in his choice, has discovered much judgment and discrimination.

The following year our author produced a dramatic piece called *Rex et Pontifex*, which seems to be an attempt to introduce upon the stage a new species of pantomime; but there is no mention of its having been represented at any of our theatres. In 1746, he published a work in three volumes octavo, entitled *The Museum, or Literary and Historical Register*. In this he was favoured with the assistance of Dr. Johnson and other men of genius and learning. And in 1748, he collected his several dramatic pieces which had been separately printed, and published them in one volume octavo, under the modest title of *Trifles*.

The signing of the treaty of peace at Aix-la Chapelle in 1749, gave rise to his *Triumph of Peace*, a Masque, which was set to Music by Dr. Arne, and performed with applause at the theatre in Drury Lane.

In 1750, he published a small work under the title of “The Economy of Human Life, translated from an Indian Manuscript, written by an ancient Bramin, to which is prefixed an Account of the manner in which the said Manuscript was discovered in a letter from an English Gentleman now residing in China, to the Earl of ***.” This work was received with great approbation; for, besides its apocryphal introduction to the public, it derived a temporary popularity from its being universally ascribed to the Earl of Chesterfield; a supposition which was strengthened by a letter that had been addressed to his Lordship by Mrs. Teresa Constantia Philips, in which she had complimented him on being the author of “The whole Duty of Man.” It seems that the power of literary fashion procured *The Economy of Human Life* a rapidity and extensiveness of sale, and a degree of applause, it would not have obtained, if it had been known to have been the production of a bookseller. The work certainly possesses a great share of merit. The subjects are well chosen; the advice is good; the style is succinct, and frequently nervous; and it is admirably adapted to inculcate lessons of morality and virtue.* The popularity of Dodsley’s *Economy of Human Life* produced a number of imitations. “The Economy of a Winter’s Day.” “The Economy of Fe-

* The Economy of Human Life is inserted in the Sacred Classics, which form a part of our Pocket Library.

male Life." "The Economy of the Sexes." "Complete Economy for the Female Sex, 1751, and the Economy of the Mind 1767."

In 1752, he published a *Collection of Poems*, by eminent bards, vol. 1st, 2d, and 3d. duodecimo. Several of his own little pieces are inserted at the close of the third volume. The fourth volume of this elegant and valuable miscellany appeared in 1755; and the fifth and sixth volumes, which completed the collection, in 1758. The pieces of which it consists are not all equally valuable, but perhaps a more excellent miscellany is not to be found in any language. By this collection he performed a very acceptable service to the cause of genius and taste, as it has been the means of preserving several productions of merit which might otherwise have sunk into oblivion.

The subject of his next publication was *Public Virtue*, a didactic poem, which was intended to have been comprised in three books, including 1st, *Agriculture*, 2d, *Commerce*, 3d, *Arts*. Of this truly useful and valuable undertaking, the first book of *Agriculture* was published in 1754, and it was all that was accomplished by Doddsley. It is probable that the reception and sale of this poem did not encourage him to complete his design.

Melpomene, or the Regions of Terror and Pity, an Ode, in quarto, was published in 1758, much read and admired at its first appearance, and has ever been esteemed one of the happiest efforts of Doddsley's Muse.

The same year he introduced to the world, *The Annual Register, or, a View of the History, Politics, and Literature of the Year 1758*. This work including subjects of the highest importance to society, was received with all the approbation to which it was justly entitled, and has been continued to the present time highly countenanced by the public.

The same year our author produced his tragedy of *Cleone*, at Covent Garden theatre, which was attended with the greatest success. The fable of this tragedy is founded on an imperfect hint taken from the "Legend de St. Genevieve," written originally in French, and translated into English in the last century, by Sir William Lower. The piece in its first state, in three acts, was submitted by the author to the inspection of Pope, who informed him that in early life he had formed the plan of a tragedy on the same subject, which he afterwards destroyed; and he advised Doddsley to extend his plan to five acts. From a motive of respect, perhaps, as well as interest, on the part of the author, it was first offered to Garrick, but he refused it, principally, as some have imagined, because it contained no character in which he could have figured himself; but those who remember the unbounded powers of that inimitable actor, will not admit of so illiberal and paltry a sug-

gestion. But whatever was the motive, he seems to have set his face against it, as he presented himself to the public in a new part on the first night of its appearance. The play, however, rose above all opposition, and brought crowded houses during a very considerable run. Its success was in a great measure attributed to the exquisite performance of Mrs. Bellamy, in the character of Cleone, which was peculiarly striking and affecting. The prologue was written by Mr. Melmoth, and the Epilogue by Mr. Shenstone.

The tragedy of Cleone, as a moral and interesting drama, is stamped by the concurring opinion of the ablest judges. "When I heard you read it," said Dr. Johnson to Mr. Langton: as reported by Mr. Boswell, "I thought higher of its power of language. When I read it myself, I was more sensible of its pathetic effect. If Otway had written this play, no other of his pieces would have been remembered." Doddsley himself, on this being repeated to him, said "It is too much."

This piece was revived for the purpose of displaying the extraordinary powers of Mrs. Siddons, the leading actress of the present day, in the tragic department; and it is said, that so strong were the feelings which her exquisite performance of Cleone excited on the first night of her acting it, that the house was thin on the second night, and the play was dropped. It appears, from this observation, that the exquisite performance of Mrs. Bellamy in 1758 had a different effect from the exquisite performance of Mrs. Siddons, in 1793. That of the former conduced to the popularity of the play: that of the latter to its removal from the stage. Is human nature changed? or was the taste of the public more or less refined in 1758, than in 1793?

The last separate work published by Doddsley was "Select Fables of Æsop and other Fabulists, in three Books, with the Life of Æsop, and an Essay on Fable, octavo." This work greatly enhanced the reputation he had previously acquired. The elegant simplicity of the style, the propriety of the sentiments, and the delineation of the characters, were highly admired: the first book contains ancient, the second modern, and the third original fables; the stories in the third book are wholly invented by Doddsley and his friends. The Life of Æsop by M. Mezeriac is the only one that seems founded on probability; that of Planudes being a ridiculous medley of absurd traditions or equally absurd inventions.

The essay treats on fable in a regular manner, first with relation to the moral, secondly the actions and incidents, thirdly the persons, character, and sentiments, and lastly, the language. This is one of the first pieces of criticism, in which rules are laid down for this species of composition drawn from nature; and these small and pleasing kinds of productions, that

LIFE OF DODSLEY.

were thought to have little other standard than the fancy, are brought under the jurisdiction of the judgment. Doddsley has been so eminently successful in his design, that the propriety of his remarks cannot be disputed except only in a single instance, in which, alluding to the well-known fable of the "Fox and the Grapes," he says, "a fox should not be said to long for grapes, because the appetite is not consistent with its known character." It is not so in the east. Dr. Hasselquist, in his travels, observes, that the fox is an animal common in Palestine, and that it destroys the vines, unless it is strictly watched. Solomon also says, in the Canticles, "Take in the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines, for our vines have tender grapes." Before he committed the essay to press, he submitted it to the revision of his literary friends, and especially of Shenstone.

In 1761, he published a collection of *Fugitive Pieces*, by Spence, Cooper, Lord Whitworth, Mr. Burke, Mr. Clubb, Dr. Lancaster, Dr. Hill, and other elegant writers, in two volumes octavo; and, in 1763, he published the works of his valuable friend Shenstone, in two volumes duodecimo, to which he prefixed a brief account of his life and writings, and added a beautiful and picturesque description of the Leasowes, the villa of that charming pastoral bard. His *description of Persfield*, in a letter to Shenstone, is preserved in Hull's Select Letters, between the Dukes of Somerset, Lady Luxborough, Mr. Whistler, Miss Dolman, Shenstone, Doddsley, &c. in two volumes, published in 1788.

The fortune Doddsley honourably acquired by his profession, enabled him to decline the active part of business, which devolved on his brother and partner, Mr. James Doddsley, who carried on trade with the utmost respectability several years after our author's decease. In the decline of life he was much afflicted with the gout, to which at length he fell a martyr, while he was on a visit to his friend Spence, at Durham, September 25th, 1764, in the sixty first year of his age. Mr. Spence paid the last kind offices to the remains of his departed friend, who was interred in the abbey church-yard of Durham, and the following inscription was engraved on his tombstone to perpetuate his memory:

If you have any respect
For uncommon industry and merit,
Regard this place,
In which are deposited, the remains of
MR. ROBERT DODSLEY;
Who, as an author, raised himself
Much above what could have been expected
From one of his rank in life,
And without a learned education;
And who, as a man, was scarce
Exceeded by any in integrity of heart,
And purity of manners and conversation.
He left this life for a better
Sept. 25, 1764,
In the 61st year of his age.

A second volume of our author's Miscellanies was published in octavo, 1772. The volume contains *Cleone*, *Melpomene*, *Agriculture*, and the *Economy of Human of Life*. Such was the reputation of the *Economy*, &c. that the editions are too numerous to be specified. His *Agriculture*, *Melpomene*, and other poems have been received into a collection of classical poetry.

The character of Mr. Robert Dodsley was highly amiable and respectable: as a tradesman for his industry and integrity, as an author for his liberality and humility. Bearing in remembrance the encouragement with which he had been favoured, in early life, he was disposed to cherish rising genius in others, and embraced every opportunity of advancing the interests of literature, both as a patron, and a bookseller. There was no circumstance that did him more honour than an invariable principle of gratitude, which he demonstrated upon all occasions towards the persons and memory of those to whom he owed obligations for past services. Modest, sensible, and humane, he retained the qualities which first brought him into notice, after he had acquired a fortune sufficient to gratify every desire which could arise from the possession of it. He was a generous friend, an encourager of men of genius, and acquired the esteem and respect of all who were acquainted with him. He was so happy as to enjoy the friendship of men of the most eminent abilities, whose names are transmitted with éclat to posterity, by whom he was as much respected for his integrity, as for his genius. A candid and judicious writer, comments on his literary character in the following manner:

“As an author he merits honourable mention. His works are recommended by an ease and elegance, which frequently please more than an ornamented and laboured style. His prose is chaste and familiar. His *Essay on Fable*, evinces a sound judgment, as well as great ingenuity. In his drama, he always attended to the great end of blending entertainment with instruction; his plan always conveyed some general moral, and his satire aimed at some prevailing vice. His dialogue is easy, his plots are simple, his catastrophe interesting and pathetic. His poetical compositions show the powerful effect of genius, without the aid of learning. His subjects are well chosen; the diction is chaste and elegant; the sentiments, if not sublime, are manly and pleasing; and the numbers, if not exquisitely polished, are easy and flowing.

“His *Agriculture*, a Georgic, in three Cantos, is the most considerable of his works in verse. The subject must be highly entertaining to every one who is interested in the cause of humanity, and particularly grateful to every Briton; and though the eye of criticism may discern many defects, yet candour must admit of its possessing a number of beauties; and if there are some causes for censuring the poet, there are

more for commending the patriot. Indeed, to write a true Georgic is one of the greatest efforts of the human mind. Perfectly to succeed in this species of poetry, requires a Virgil's genius, judgment, taste, and power of harmony. The general economy of this Georgic is judicious; it contains several exalted sentiments, and the descriptions are often delicate and well expressed. But, at the same time, the diction is frequently too prosaic; many of the epithets are inadequate, and in some places sufficient attention is not paid to the powers of versification.

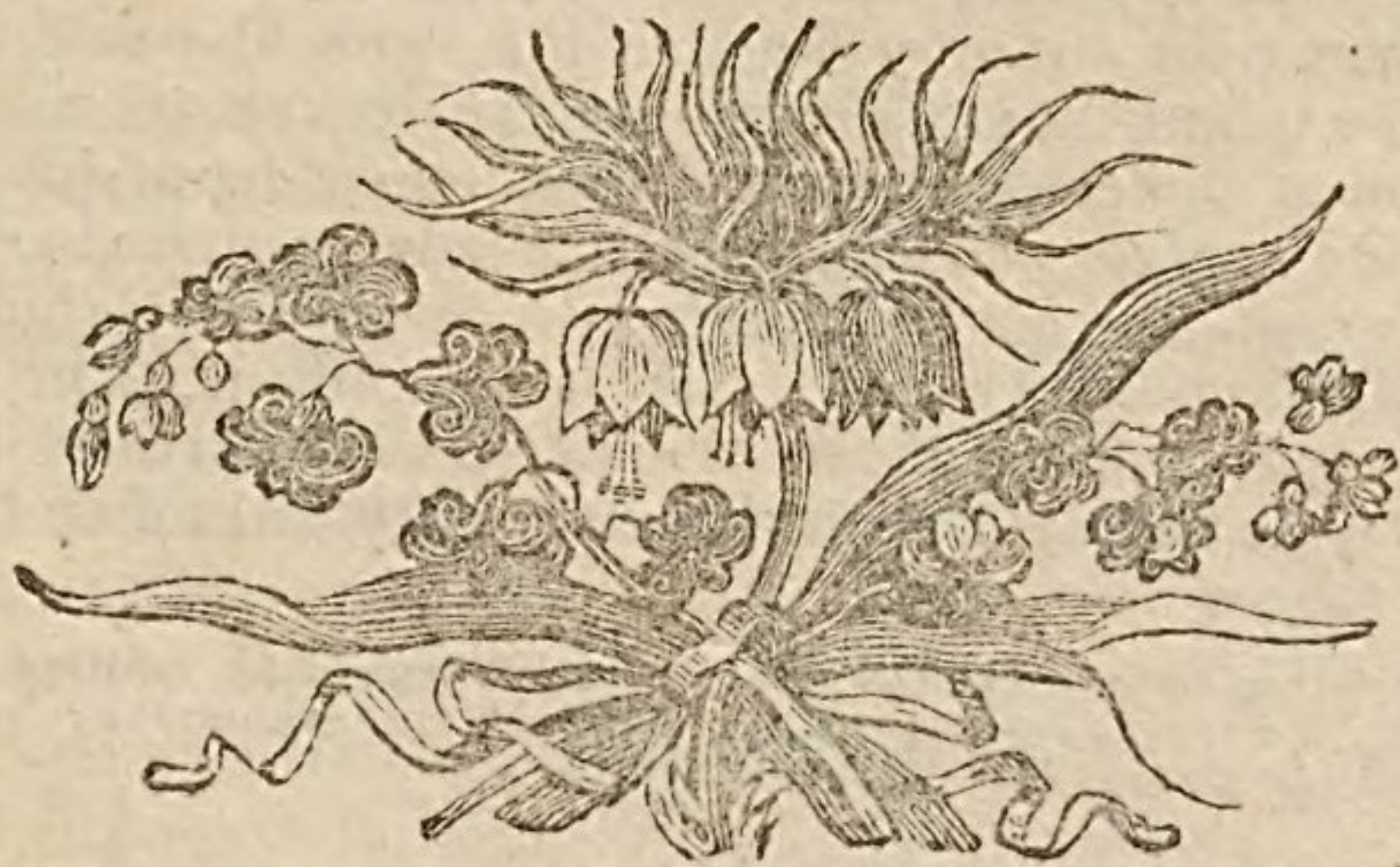
“ In the first Canto, after having generally proposed his intention, addressed it to the Prince of Wales, and invoked the genius of Britain, he proceeds to consider husbandry as the source of wealth and plenty; and, therefore, recommends it to landlords not to oppress the farmer, and to the farmer that he should be frugal, temperate, and industrious. After giving an account of the implements of husbandry, he describes a country statute, and introduces the Episode of *Patty*, the fair milk-maid. The next objects offered to view are the farmers poultry, kine, hogs, &c. with their enemies, the kite, the fox, the badger, and such other animals as prey upon the produce of the farm, or impede the industrious labours of the husbandman: and we are shewn how the cultivation of the former, and the destruction of the latter, continue alternately to provide him with business or amusement; whence we are led to contemplate the happiness of a rural life; to which succeeds an address to the great to engage them in the study of agriculture. An allegorical explanation of the operations of nature on the vegetable world, with a philosophical system, built on the experimental foundation laid by Dr. Hales, concludes the Canto. The address to the genius of Britain is pleasing; and the description of *the fair milk-maid* is exquisitely beautiful.

“ The second Canto begins with instructions for meliorating soils, according to their diversity, whether they consist of sand, loam, or clay. Mr. Tull's principles and practice are particularly taken notice of, and those of the Middlesex gardeners. Directions are also given for various manures, and other methods are pointed out for the improvement and inclosure of lands; the respective uses of the several forest trees are distinguished; the advantages arising from plantations pointed out, and rules laid down for their successful cultivation. To these succeed some observations on gardening, wherein the taste for straight lines, regular platforms, and clipt trees, imported from Holland at the Revolution, is exploded. These are succeeded by a few compliments on some particular gardens, as Chiswick, Richmond, Oatlands, Esher, Woburn, and Hagley. The apostrophe to the genius of Britain is happily introduced; and the description of the gardens of Epicurus is rich and luxuriant.

“In the third Canto, are described hay-making, harvest, and the harvest home. A method is prescribed for preventing the hay from being mow-burnt or taking fire. Several vegetable, fossile, and mineral productions, peculiar to England, are praised. From the culture and produce of the earth, we have a transition to the breeding and management of sheep, cows, and horses; of the latter there are descriptions according to their respective uses; whether for draught, the road, the field, the race, or for war. The portraits of the two last, which are eminently beautiful, concludes the poem.”

Of his other poems his *Melpomene* may be considered as the greatest effort of his poetical genius. It cannot indeed vie in sublimity and enthusiasm with the lyric compositions of Dryden, Akenfide, Collins, Gray, and Mason; having a more moderate degree of elevation and poetic fire. It is animated, without being rhapsodical, and joins ardent sentiments and picturesque description to correctness, harmony, and happy expression. In the *Region of Pity*, the image of a beautiful maid expiring on the corse of a brave lover, who has been killed in vindicating her honour, is affectingly picturesque. That of a too credulous and injured beauty, is equally striking and beautiful, and pregnant with a necessary moral caution.

“Of his *Art of Preaching*, in imitation of Horace’s *Art of Poetry*, the rules are well adapted and exemplified, and the versification is smooth and elegant. His songs, in point of tenderness, delicacy and simplicity, are not inferior to any composition of that kind in the English language. Most of his familiar pieces may be read with pleasure.



PREFACE

TO THE POEM OF AGRICULTURE.

IF the writer of the following piece could hope to produce any thing in poetry worthy the public attention, it would give him particular pleasure to lay the foundation of his claim to such a distinction in the happy execution of this work. But he fears it will be thought, that the projected building is too great for the abilities of the architect; and that he is not furnished with a variety of materials sufficient for the proper finishing and embellishment of such a structure. And when it is farther confessed, that he hath entered on this design without the assistance of learning, and that his time for the execution of it was either snatched from the hours of business, or stolen from those of rest (the mind in either case not likely to be in the happiest disposition for poetry), his prospects of success will grow still more clouded, and the presumption against him must gather additional strength.

Under these, and many other disadvantages, which he feels and laments; conscious of all his deficiencies, and how unequal he is to the task of executing this plan, even up to his own ideas; what shall he plead in excuse for his temerity in persisting thus far to prosecute the attempt? All that he can say is, that he hath taken some pains to furnish himself with materials for the work; that he hath consulted men, as well as books, for the knowledge of his subjects, in which he hopes he hath not been guilty of many mistakes; that it hath not been an hasty performance; nor is it at last obtruded on the public without the approbation of several persons, whose judgments, were it not probable they may have received a bias from the partiality of friendship, he could have no reason to doubt. But that he may know with certainty whether this is not the case, to the public he submits it; willing to receive from thence his determination to prosecute or suppress the remainder of his plan*. If he here receives a check, he will quietly acquiesce in the general opinion, and must submit to be included among those who have mistaken their talent. But as the difficulties he had to struggle with would, in case of success, have increased his reputation, he hopes, if he hath failed, they will soften his disgrace.

* The author's original design was to have written a poem entitled "Public Virtue." In three books; 1st. Agriculture; 2d. Commerce; 3d. Arts. The first book was all that he ever executed.

MISCELLANIES.

AGRICULTURE: A POEM.

CANTO I.

The Argument.

The proposition. Address to the Prince of Wales. Invocation to the genius of Britain. Husbandry to be encouraged, as it is the source of wealth and plenty. Advice to landlords, not to oppress the farmer. The farmer's three great virtues. His instruments of husbandry. His servants. Description of a country statute. Episode of the fair milk-maid. The farm-yard described. The pleasures of a rural life. Address to the great, to study agriculture. An allegory, attempting to explain the theory of vegetation.

OF culture and the various fruits of earth,
Of social commerce, of the nobler arts,
Which polish and adorn the life of man ;
Objects demanding the supreme regard
Of that exalted monarch, who sustains 5
The sceptre of command o'er Britain's sons ;
The muse, disdaining idle themes, attempts
To sing. O thou, Britannia's rising hope!
The fav'rite of her wishes ! Thou ! O prince !
On whom her fondest expectations wait, 10
Accept the verse : and, to the humblest voice
That sings of public virtue, lend an ear.

Genius of Britain ! pure intelligence !
Guardian, appointed by the One Supreme,
With influential energy benign 15
To guide the weal of this distinguish'd isle ;
O ! wake the breast of her aspiring son,
Inform his numbers, aid his bold design,
Who, in a daring flight, presumes to mark
The glorious track her monarchs should pursue. 20

From cultivation, from the useful toils
Of the laborious hind, the streams of wealth
And plenty flow. Deign then, illustrious youth !
To bring th' observing eye, the liberal hand,
And, with a spirit congenial to your birth, 25
Regard his various labours through the year :
So shall the labourer smile, and you improve
The happy country you are born to rule.

B

The year declining, now hath left the fields
Divested of their honours, the strong glebe
Exhausted, waits the culture of the plough,
To renovate her powers. 'Tis now, intent
On honest gain, the cautious husbandman
Surveys the country round, solicitous
To fix his habitation on a soil
Propitious to his hopes and to his cares. 30 35

O ye, whom fortune in her silken robe
Enwraps benign; whom plenty's bounteous hand
Hath favour'd with distinction! O look down,
With smiles indulgent, on his new designs!
Assist his useful works, facilitate
His honest aims: nor in exaction's gripe
Enthral th' endeavouring swain. Think not his toils
Were meant alone to foster you in ease
And pamper'd indolence; nor grudge the meed
Which heaven in mercy gives to cheer the hand,
The labouring hand of useful industry.
Be yours the joy to propagate content;
With bounteous heaven co-operate, and reward
The poor man's toil, whence all your riches spring.
As in a garden, th' enlivening air
Is fill'd with odours, drawn from those fair flowers
Which by its influence rise; so in his breast
Benevolent, who gives the swains to thrive,
Reflected live the joys his virtues lent. 40 45 50 55

But come, young farmer, though by fortune fix'd
On fields luxuriant, where the fruitful soil
Gives labour hope; where sheltering shades arise,
Thick fences guard, and bubbling fountains flow;
Where arable and pasture duly mix;
Yet, ere thy toils begin, attend the muse,
And catch the moral lessons of her song.
Be frugal and be blest; frugality
Will give thee competence; thy gains are small,
Too small to bear profusion's wasteful hand.
Make temperance thy companion, so shall health
Sit on thy brow, invigorating thy frame
To every useful work. And if to these 60 65

SELECT POETS.



DODSLEY.

The sweeping Scythe's keen edge he wets
And turns the fickle for his eorn.

Vide Page 15 Line 91.

Painted by T. Kirk.

Engraved for C. Cooke Aug. 21. 1797.

Engraved by W. Ridley

Thou happily shalt join one virtue more,
 The love of industry, the glowing joy 70
 Felt from each new improvement; then fair peace,
 With modest neatness in her decent garb,
 Shall walk around thy dwelling; while the great,
 Tir'd with the vast fatigue of indolence,
 Fill'd with disease by luxury and sloth, 75
 Impatient curse the dilatory day,
 And look with envy on thy happier state.

Prepar'd with these plain virtues, now the swain
 With courage enters on his rural works.
 First he provides the needful implements. 80
 Of these, the honour'd plough claims chief regard.
 Hence bread to man, who heretofore on mast
 Fed with his fellow brute in woods and wilds,
 Himself uncultur'd as the soil he trod.
 The spiked harrow next, to break the clods, 85
 And spread the surface of the new plough'd field;
 Nor is the roller's friendly aid unsought.
 Hoes he provides, with various arms prepar'd,
 T' encounter all the numerous host of weeds,
 Which rise malignant, menacing his hopes. 90
 The sweeping scythe's keen edge he whets for grass,
 And turns the crooked sickle for his corn.
 The fork to spread, the gathering rake to save,
 With providential care he treasures up.
 His strong capacious wain, the dull slow ox 95
 Drags on, deep loaden, grinding the rough ruts;
 While with his lighter team, the sprightly horse
 Moves to the music of his tinkling bells.
 Nor will his foresight lack the whirling flail,
 Whose battering strokes force from the loosen'd sheaves
 Their hidden stores profuse, which now demand 101
 The quick rotation of the winnowing fan,
 With blasts successive, wafting far away
 The worthless chaff, to clear the golden grain.

And now compell'd to hire assistant strength, 105
 Away he hastens to some neighbouring town,
 Where willing servitude, for mutual wants,

Of hind and farmer, holds her annual* feast
 'Tis here the toiling hand of industry
 Employment seeks. The skilful ploughman, lord 110
 And leader of the rustic band; who claims
 His boy attendant, conscious of his worth
 And dignity superior; boasting skill
 To guide with steadiness the sliding share,
 To scatter with an equal hand the seed, 115
 And with a master scythe to head the train,
 When the ripe meadow asks the mower's hand.
 Here too, the thresher, brandishing his flail,
 Bespeaks a master, whose full barns demand
 A labouring arm, now ready to give up 120
 Their treasure, and exchange their hoarded grain
 For heaps of gold, the meed of honest toil.
 The sun-burnt shepherd too, his slouching hat
 Distinguish'd well with fleecy locks, expects
 Observance; skill'd in wool, and lesson'd deep 125
 In all diseases of the bleating flock.
 Mix'd with the rustic throng, see ruddy maids,
 Some taught with dext'rous hand to twirl the wheel,
 Or stroak the swelling udder; some expert
 To raise from leaven'd wheat the kneaded loaf; 130
 To mash the malted barley, and extract
 Its flavour'd strength; or, with a housewife's care,
 To keep the decent habitation neat.
 But now let loose to revelry and sport,
 In clamorous mirth, indelicate and rude, 135
 The boisterous swains, and hoyden nymphs provoke
 Outrageous merriment.—Yet not alike
 Is every swain, nor every sylvan maid;
 As Verulam the pleasing tale records.
 When Patty, lovely Patty, grac'd the crowd, 140
 Pride of the neighbouring plains. Who hath not heard
 Of Patty, the fair milk-maid? Beautiful
 As an Arcadian nymph; upon her brow
 Sat virgin modesty, while in her eyes

* This is called in the country a statute, and is held annually at most market towns in England, where servants of all kinds resort in quest of places and employments.

Young sensibility began to play
 With innocence. Her waving locks fell down
 On either side her face in careless curls,
 Shading the tender blushes in her cheek.
 Her breath was sweeter than the morning gale,
 Stol'n from the rose or violet's dewy leaves. 145
 Her ivory teeth appear'd in even rows,
 Through lips of living coral. When she spoke,
 Her feature wore intelligence; her words
 Were soft, with such a smile accompany'd,
 As lighted in her face resistless charms. 155
 Her polish'd neck rose rounding from her breast
 With pleasing elegance: that lovely breast!
 Ah! Fancy, dwell not there, lest gay desire,
 Who, smiling, hovers o'er th' enchanting place,
 Tempt thy wild thoughts to dangerous ecstacy. 160
 Her shape was moulded by the hand of ease,
 Exact proportion harmoniz'd her frame;
 While grace, following her steps, with secret art
 Stole into all her motions. Thus she walk'd
 In sweet simplicity; a snow-white pail 165
 Hung on her arm, the symbol of her skill
 In that fair province of the rural state,
 The dairy; source of more delicious bowls
 Than Bacchus from his choicest vintage boasts.

How great the power of beauty! The rude swains
 Grew civil at her sight; and gaping crowds, 171
 Wrapt in astonishment, with transport gaze,
 Whisp'ring her praises in each other's ear.
 As when a gentle breeze, borne through the grove,
 With quick vibration shakes the trembling leaves, 175
 And hushing murmurs run from tree to tree;
 So ran a spreading whisper through the crowd.
 Young Thyrsis hearing, turn'd aside his head,
 And soon the pleasing wonder caught his eye.
 Full in the prime of youth, the joyful heir 180
 Of num'rous acres, a large freehold farm,
 Thyrsis as yet from beauty felt no pain,
 Had seen no virgin he could wish to make
 His wedded partner. Now his beating heart

Feels new emotion; now his fixed eye, 185
 With fervent rapture dwelling on her charms,
 Drinks in delicious draughts of new-born love.
 No rest the night, no peace the following day
 Brought to his struggling heart: her beauteous form,
 Her fair perfections playing on his mind, 190
 With pleasing anguish torture him. In vain
 He strives to tear her image from his breast;
 Each little grace, each dear bewitching look,
 Returns triumphant, breaking his resolves,
 And binding all his soul a slave to love. 195

Ah! little did he know, alas! the while
 Poor Patty's tender heart, in mutual pain,
 Long, long for him had heav'd the secret sigh.
 For him she dress'd, for him the pleasing arts
 She study'd, and for him she wish'd to live. 200
 But her low fortunes, nursing sad despair,
 Check'd the young hope; nor durst her modest eyes
 Indulge the smallest glances of her flame,
 Lest curious malice, like a watchful spy,
 Should catch the secret, and with taunts reveal. 205
 Judge then the sweet surprise, when she at length
 Beheld him, all irresolute, approach;
 And gently taking her fair trembling hand,
 Breathe these soft words into her list'ning ear.
 "O Patty! dearest maid, whose beauteous form 210
 "Dwells in my breast, and charms my soul to love,
 "Accept my vows; accept a faithful heart,
 "Which from this hour devotes itself to thee:
 "Wealth has no relish, life can give no joy,
 "If you forbid my hopes to call you mine." 215
 Ah! who the sudden tumult can describe
 Of struggling passions rising in her breast?
 Hope, fear, confusion, modesty, and love,
 Oppress her lab'ring soul:—She strove to speak,
 But the faint accents died upon her tongue: 220
 Her fears prevented utterance.—At length,
 "Can Thyrsis mock my poverty? Can he
 "Be so unkind? O no! yet I, alas,
 "Too humble e'en to hope." No more she said;

But gently, as if half-unwilling, stole
 Her hand from his ; and, with sweet modesty,
 Casting a look of diffidence and fear,
 To hide her blushes, silently withdrew.

225

But Thyrsis read, with rapture, in her eyes
 The language of her soul. He follow'd, woo'd, 230
 And won her for his wife. His lowing herds
 Soon call her mistress ; soon their milky streams
 Coagulated, rise in circling piles
 Of harden'd curd ; and all the dairies round,
 To her sweet butter yield superior praise. 235

But turn, my Muse, nor let th' alluring form
 Of beauty lead too far thy devious steps.
 See where the farmer, with a master's eye,
 Surveys his little kingdom, and exults
 In sov'reign independence. At a word, 240

His feathery subjects in obedience flock
 Around his feeding hand, who in return
 Yield a delicious tribute to his board,
 And o'er his couch their downy plumage spread.
 The peacock here expands his eyeful plumes, 245

A glitt'ring pageant to the mid-day sun :
 In the stiff awkwardness of foolish pride,
 The swelling turkey apes his stately step,
 And calls the bristling feathers round his head.

There the loud herald of the morning struts 250

Before his cackling dames, the passive slaves
 Of his promiscuous pleasure. O'er the pond,
 See the grey gander, with his female train,
 Bending their lofty necks ; and gabbling ducks,
 Rejoicing on the surface, clap their wings ! 255

Whilst wheeling round, in airy wanton flights,
 The glossy pigeons chace their sportive loves,
 Or in soft cooings tell their am'rous tale.

Here stacks of hay, there pyramids of corn,
 Promise the future market large supplies : 260

While with an eye of triumph he surveys
 His piles of wood, and laughs at winter's frown.
 In silent rumination, see the kine,
 Beneath the walnut's shade patiently wait

To pour into his pails their milky stores, 265
 While pent from mischief, far from sight remov'd,
 The bristly herd within their fatt'ning styes,
 Remind him to prepare, in many a row,
 The gaily blooming pea, the fragrant bean,
 And broad-leav'd cabbage for the ploughman's feast.

These his amusements, his employments these ; 271
 Which still arising in successive change,
 Give to each vary'd hour a new delight.

Peace and Contentment with their guardian wings
 Enclose his nightly slumbers. Rofy health, 275
 When the gay lark's sweet morn'g wakes the morn,
 Treads in his dewy footsteps round the field ;
 And cheerfulness attends his closing day.

No racking jealousy, nor fullen hate,
 Nor fear, nor envy, discompose his breast. 280

His only enemies the prowling fox,
 Whose nightly murders thin the bleating fold ;

The hardy badger, the rapacious kite,
 With eye malignant on the little brood,
 Sailing around portentous ; the rank stote 285

Thirsting, ah, savage thirst ! for harmless blood ;

The corn-devouring partridge ; tim'rous hare ;

Th' amphibious otter bold ; the weasel fly,

Pilfering the yolk from its enclosing shell ;

And moles, a dirty undermining race. 290

These all his foes, and these, alas ! compar'd

With man to man, an inoffensive train.

'Gainst these, assisted by th' entangling net,

Th' explosive thunder of the levell'd tube,

Or toils unweary'd of his social friend, 295

The faithful dog, he wages rural war ;

And health and pleasure in the sportive fields

Obtaining, he forgives their venial crimes.

O happy he ! happiest of mortal men !

Who far remov'd from slav'ry as from pride, 300

Fears no man's frown, nor cringing waits to catch

The gracious nothing of a great man's nod :

Where the lac'd beggar bustles for a bribe,

The purchase of his honour ; where deceit,

And fraud, and circumvention, dress'd in smiles,
Hold shameful commerce; and beneath the mask
Of friendship and sincerity, betray.

305

Him, nor the stately mansion's gilded pride,
Rich with whate'er the imitative arts,
Painting or sculpture, yield to charm the eye;
Nor shining heaps of massy plate enwrought
With curious costly workmanship, allure.

310

Tempted nor with the pride nor pomp of power,
Nor pageants of ambition, nor the mines
Of grasping avarice, nor the poison'd sweets

315

Of pamper'd luxury, he plants his foot
With firmness on his old paternal fields,
And stands unshaken. There sweet prospects rise
Of meadows smiling in their flow'ry pride,
Green hills and dales, and cottages embower'd,
The scenes of innocence and calm delight.

320

There the wild melody of warbling birds,
And cool refreshing groves, and murm'ring springs,
Invite to sacred thought, and lift the mind
From low pursuits, to meditate the God!

325

Turn, then, at length, O turn, ye sons of wealth,
And ye who seek through life's bewild'ring maze,
To tread the paths of happiness, O turn!
And trace her footsteps in the rural walk;
In those fair scenes of wonder and delight,
Where, to the human eye, Omnipotence
Unfolds the map of nature, and displays
The matchless beauty of created things.

330

Turn to the arts, the useful pleasing arts
Of cultivation; and those fields improve
Your erring fathers have too long despis'd.

335

Leave not to ignorance and low-bred hinds,
That noblest science, which in ancient time
The mind of sages and of kings employ'd,
Solicitous to learn the ways of God,
And read his works in agriculture's school.

340

Then hear the muse, now ent'ring, hand in hand
With sweet Philosophy, the secret bowers
Of deep mysterious nature; there t'explore

The causes of fecundity, and how
 The various elements, earth, water, air,
 And fire united : the enliv'ning ray
 Diurnal, the prolific dew's of night ;
 With all the rolling seasons of the year ;
 In vegetation's work their power combine. 345 350

Whither, O whither dost thou lead my steps,
 Divine Philosophy ? What scenes are these,
 Which strike my wond'ring senses ? Lo ! enthron'd
 Upon a solid rock, great Nature sits ;
 Her eyes to heaven directed, as from thence 355
 Receiving inspiration. Round her head
 A mingled wreath of fruits and flowers entwines.
 Her robe, with every motion changing hue,
 Flows down in plenteous foldings, and conceals
 Her secret footsteps from the eyes of men. 360
 List ! list ! what harmony, what heavenly sounds
 Enchant my ravish'd ear ? 'tis ancient * Pan,
 Who on his seven-fold pipe, to the rapt soul
 Conveys the fancied music of the spheres.
 See by his strains the elements inspir'd, 365
 Join in mysterious work ; their motions led
 By active † fire, in windings intricate,
 But not perplex'd, nor vague. And who are they ?
 What pair obeying in alternate rounds
 The tuneful melody ? majestic one, 370
 And grave, lifting her awful forehead, moves
 In shadowy silence, borne on raven wings,
 Which, waving to the measur'd sounds, beat time.
 A veil obscures her face ; a sable stole,
 Be-deck'd with sparkling gems, conceals her form ;
 As wreaths of bending poppy crown her brow. 376
 The other, rais'd on swan-like spreading plumes,
 Glides gaily on : a milk-white robe invests

* Mythologists have thought the universal nature of things to be signified by this god ; and that his pipe, composed of seven reeds, was the symbol of the seven planets, which they say make the harmony of the spheres.

† According to Dr. Boerhave, and the other modern philosophers, all the motion in nature arises from fire ; and taking that away, all things would become fixed and immoveable ; fluids would become solid ; a man would harden into a statue ; and the very air would cohere into a firm and rigid mass.

His frame transparent ; in his azure eyes
 Dwells brightness, while around his radiant head,
 A shining glory paints his flying robe, 381
 With all the colours of the wat'ry bow.

Proceeding now, in more majestic steps,
 The varying seasons join the mystic train.
 In all the blooming hues of florid youth, 385
 Gay Spring advances smiling ; on her head
 A flow'ry chaplet, mix'd with verdant buds,
 Sheds aromatic fragrance through the air ;
 While little zephyrs, breathing wanton gales,
 Before her flutter, turning back to gaze, 390
 With looks enamour'd, on her lovely face.

Summer succeeds, crown'd with the bearded ears
 Of rip'ning harvest ; in her hand she bears
 A shining fickle ; on her glowing cheek
 The fervent heat paints deep a rosy blush : 395

Her thin light garment waving with the wind,
 Flows loosely from her bosom, and reveals
 To the pleas'd eye the beauties of her form.
 Then follows Autumn, bearing in her lap
 The blushing fruits which Summer's sultry breath
 Had mellow'd to her hand. A clust'ring wreath 401
 Of purple grapes, half hid with spreading leaves,
 Adorns her brow. Her dew besprinkled locks
 Begin to fall, her bending shoulders sink,
 And active vigour leaves her sober steps. 405

Winter creeps on, shrivell'd with chilling cold ;
 Bald his white crown, upon his silver beard
 Shines the hoar frost, and icicles depend.
 Rigid and stern his melancholy face ;
 Shivering he walks, his joints benumb'd and stiff ;
 And wraps in northern furs his wither'd trunk. 411

And now great Nature pointing to the train
 Her heaven-directed hand, they all combine,
 In measur'd figures, and mysterious rounds,
 To weave the mazy dance ; while to the sound 415
 Of Pan's immortal pipe, the goddess join'd
 Her voice harmonious ; and the listening muse,

Admiring, caught the wonders of her *theme.

- " To God, supreme Creator ! great and good !
 " All-wise, Almighty Parent of the world ! 420
 " In choral symphonies of praise and love,
 " Let all the powers of nature raise the song !"
 ' The wat'ry signs forsaking, see, the sun,
 ' Great father of the vegetable tribes,
 ' Darts from the Ram his all-enlivening ray. 425
 ' When now the genial warmth earth's yielding breast
 ' Unfolds. Her latent salts, sulphureous oils,
 ' And air, and water mix'd ; attract, repel,
 ' And raise prolific ferment. Lo ! at length
 ' The vital principle begins to wake : 430
 ' Th' emulgent fibres, stretching round the root,
 ' Seek their terrestrial nurture ; which convey'd
 ' In limpid currents through th' ascending tubes,
 ' And strain'd and filter'd in their secret cells ;
 ' To its own nature every different plant 435
 ' Assimilating, changes. Awful heav'n !
 ' How wond'rous is thy work, to thee ! to thee !
 ' Mysterious power belongs ! summer's fierce heat
 ' Increasing rarifies the ductile juice.
 ' See, from the root, and from the bark imbib'd, 440
 ' Th' elastic air impels the rising sap,
 ' Swift through the stem, through every branching arm,
 ' And smaller shoot, the vivid moisture flows,
 ' Protruding from their buds the opening leaves ;
 ' Whence, as ordain'd, th' expiring air flows out 445
 ' In copious exhalations ; and from whence
 ' Its noblest principles the plant inhales.
 ' See ! see ! the shooting verdure spreads around !
 ' Ye sons of men, with rapture view the scene !
 ' On hill and dale, on meadow, field, and grove, 450
 ' Cloth'd in soft mingling shades from light to dark,
 ' The wandering eye delighted roves untir'd.
 ' The hawthorn's whitening bush, Pomona's blooms,
 ' And Flora's pencil o'er th' enamell'd green,
 ' The varying scenes enrich. Hence every gale 455

* The philosophy of this hymn is built on that experimental foundation laid by the learned and ingenious Dr. Hales, in his Vegetable Statics.

- ‘ Breathes odours, every zephyr from his wings
 ‘ Wafting new fragrance; borne from trees, from shrubs,
 ‘ Borne from the yellow cowslip, violet blue,
 ‘ From deep carnations, from the blushing rose,
 ‘ From every flower and aromatic herb 460
 ‘ In grateful mixtures. Hence ambrosial fruits
 ‘ Yield their delicious flavours. The sweet grape,
 ‘ The mulberry’s cooling juice, the luscious plumb,
 ‘ The healthful apple, the dissolving peach,
 ‘ And thy rich nectar many-flavour’d pine. 465
 ‘ These are the gracious gifts, O favour’d man!
 ‘ These, these to thee the gracious gifts of heaven,
 ‘ A world of beauty, wonder, and delight.’
 “ To God, supreme Creator! great and good!
 “ All-wise, Almighty Parent of the world! 470
 “ In choral symphonies of praise and love,
 “ Let all the powers of nature close the strain.” 472

CANTO II.

The Argument.

Of different soils, and their culture. Mr. Tull’s principles and practice. Of the principles and practice of the Middlesex gardeners. Of various manures, and other methods of improving land. Of hedging and ditching. Of planting timber trees. Of draining wet, and flooding dry lands. Of gardening, and the gardens of Epicurus.

DESCENDING now from these superior themes,
 O muse, in notes familiar teach the swain
 The hidden properties of ev’ry glebe,
 And what the different culture each requires.
 The naturalist, to sand, or loam, or clay, 5
 Reduces all the varying soils, which clothe
 The bosom of this earth with beauty. Sand,
 Hot, open, loose, admits the genial ray
 With freedom, and with greediness imbibes
 The falling moisture: hence the embryo seeds, 10
 Lodg’d in its fiery womb, push into life
 With early haste, and hurry’d to their prime,
 (Their vital juices spent) too soon decay.
 Correct this error of the ardent soil,
 With cool manure: let stiff cohesive clay 15

Give the loose glebe consistence and firm strength.
 So shall thy labouring steers, when harvest calls,
 Bending their patient shoulders to the yoke,
 Drag home in copious loads the yellow grain.
 Has fortune fix'd thy lot to toil in clay? 20
 Despair not, nor repine: the stubborn soil
 Shall yield to cultivation, and reward
 The hand of diligence. Here give the plough
 No rest. Break, pound the clods, and with warm dungs
 Relieve the steril coldness of the ground, 25
 Chill'd with obstructed water. Add to these
 The sharpest sand, to open and unbind
 The close-cohering mafs; so shall new pores
 Admit the solar beam's enlivening heat,
 The nitrous particles of air receive, 30
 And yield a passage to the soaking rain.
 Hence fermentation, hence prolific power,
 And hence the fibrous roots in quest of food,
 Find unobstructed entrance, room to spread,
 And richer juices feed the swelling shoots: 35
 So the strong field shall to the reaper's hand
 Produce a plenteous crop of waving wheat.

But blest with ease in plenty shall he live,
 Who heaven's kind hand, indulgent to his wish
 Hath placed upon a loamy soil. He views 40
 All products of the teeming earth arise
 In plenteous crops, nor scarce the needful aid
 Of culture deigns to ask. Him, nor the fears
 Of scorching heat, nor deluges of rain
 Alarm. His kindly fields sustain all change 45
 Of seasons, and support a healthy seed,
 In vigour thro' the perils of the year.

But new improvements curious wouldst thou learn,
 Hear then the lore of fair Berkeria's* son,
 Whose precepts drawn from sage experience, claim 50
 Regard. The pasture, and the food of plants,
 First let the young agriculturist be taught:
 Then how to sow, and raise the embryo seeds

* The late Mr. Tull, of Shalborne in Berkshire, in his Horse-hoeing Husbandry; or, an Essay on the principles of Vegetation and Tillage.

Of every different species. Nitre, fire,
 Air, water, earth, their various powers combine 55
 In vegetation ; but the genuine food
 Of every plant is earth : hence their increase,
 Their strength and substance. Nitre first prepares
 And separates the concreted parts ; which then,
 The wat'ry vehicle assumes, and through 60
 Th' ascending tubes, impell'd by subtle air,
 Which gives it motion, and that motion heat,
 The fine terrestrial aliment conveys.

Is earth the food of plants ? their pasture then
 By ceaseless tillage, or the use of dung, 65
 Must or ferment, or pulverize, to fit
 For due reception of the fibrous roots :
 But from the steams of ordure, from the stench
 Of putrefaction, from stercoreous fumes
 Of rottenness and filth, can sweetness spring ? 70
 Or grateful, or salubrious food to man ?
 As well might virgin innocence preserve
 Her purity from taint, amidst the stews.
 Defile not then the freshness of thy field
 With dung's polluting touch ; but let the plough, 75
 The hoe, the harrow, and the roller lend
 Their better powers, to fructify the soil ;
 Turn it to catch the sun's prolific ray,
 Th' enlivening breath of air, the genial dews,
 And every influence of indulgent heaven. 80
 These shall enrich and fertilize the glebe,
 And toil's unceasing hand full well supply
 The dunghill's fordid and extraneous aid. [skill

Thus taught the Shalborne swain ; who first with
 Led through the field the many-coulter'd plough ; 85
 Who first his seed committed to the ground,
 Shed from the drill by slow revolving wheels,
 In just proportion, and in even rows ;
 Leaving 'twixt each a spacious interval,
 To introduce with ease, while yet the grain 90
 Expanding crown'd the intermediate ridge,
 His new* machine, form'd to exterminate

* The hoe-plough.

The weedy race (intruders who devour,
 But nothing pay) to pulverize the soil,
 Enlarge and change the pasture of the roots, 95
 And to its last perfection raise the crop.
 He taught, alas! but practis'd ill the lore
 Of his own precepts. Fell disease, or sloth,
 Relax'd the hand of industry: his farm,
 His own philosophy disgracing, brought 100
 Discredit on the doctrines he enforc'd.

Then banish from thy fields the loiterer sloth,
 Nor listen to the voice of thoughtless ease.
 Him fordidness and penury surround,
 Beneath whose lazy hand the farm runs wild; 105
 Whose heart nor feels the joy improvement gives,
 Nor leaden eye the beauties that arise
 From labour fees. Accumulated filth
 Annoys his crowded steps; even at his door
 A yellow mucus from the dunghill stands 110
 In squalid pools; his buildings unrepair'd,
 To ruin rush precipitate; his fields
 Disorder governs, and licentious weeds
 Spring up uncheck'd; the nettle and the dock,
 Wormwood and thistles, in their seasons rise, 115
 And deadly nightshade spreads his poison round,
 Ah! wretched he! if chance his wandering child,
 By hunger prompted, pluck th' alluring fruit!
 Benumbing stupor creeps upon his brain;
 Wild grinning laughter soon to this succeeds; 120
 Strange madness then, and death in hideous form.
 Mysterious Providence! ah, why conceal'd
 In such a tempting form, should poisons lurk;
 Ah, why so near the path of innocents,
 Should spring their bane? But thou alone art wise.

Thus hath the faithful muse his lore pursu'd, 126
 Who trusting to the culture of his plough,
 Refus'd the dunghill's aid. Yet listen not
 To doubtful precepts, with implicit faith;
 Experience to experience oft oppos'd, 130
 Leaves truth uncertain. See what various crops,
 In quick succession, crown the garden'd fields

MISCELLANIES.

On Thames' prolific bank. On culture's hand
 Alone, do these Horticulturists rely?
 Or do they owe to London's rich manure 135
 Those products which its crowded markets fill?
 Both lend their aid: and both with art improv'd,
 Have spread the glory of their gardens wide,
 A theme of wonder to the distant swain.
 Hence the piazza'd* square, where erst, embower'd
 In solemn sloth, good Martin's lazy monks 141
 Dron'd out their useless lives in pamper'd ease;
 Now boasts, from industry's rough hand supply'd,
 Each various esculent the teeming earth
 In every changing season can produce. 145
 Join then with culture the prolific strength
 Of such manure as best inclines to aid
 Thy failing glebe. Let oily marl impart
 Its unctuous moisture, or the crumbling† tan
 Its glowing heat. Nor from the gazing herds, 150
 Nor bristly swine obscene, disdain to heap
 Their cooling ordure. Nor the warmer dungs
 Of fiery pigeons, of the stabled horse,
 Or folded flock, neglect. From sprinkled soot,
 From ashes strew'd around, let the damp soil 155
 Their nit'rous salts imbibe. Scour the deep ditch
 From its black sediment; and from the street
 Its trampled mixtures rake. Green standing pools,
 Large lakes, or meadows rank, in rotted heaps
 Of unripe weeds,‡ afford a cool manure. 160
 From ocean's verge, if not too far remov'd,
 Its shelly sands convey a warm compost,
 From land and wave commixt, with richness fraught:
 This the sour glebe shall sweeten, and for years,
 Through chilly clay, its vigorous heat shall glow.
 But if nor oily marl, nor crumbling tan, 166

* Covent-Garden, which is now a market for greens, roots, &c. was formerly a garden belonging to the monks of St. Martin's convent.

† The bark of oak, after it hath been used by the tanner. It is frequently made use of for hotbeds, particularly for raising pine apples; and is called by the gardeners tan.

‡ If weeds are suffered to stand till they are ripe before they are made this use of, their seeds will fill the ground, and it will be difficult to get them out again.

Nor dung of cattle, nor the trampled street,
Nor weed, nor ocean's sand, can lend its aid;
Then, farmer, raise immediate from their seeds
The juicy stalks of largely spreading pulse, 170
Beans, buck-wheat, spurry, or the climbing vetch;
These early reap'd, and bury'd in the soil,
Enrich the parent womb from whence they sprung.
Or sow the bulbous turnip; this shall yield
Sweet pasture to the flocks or lowing herds, 175
And well prepare thy land for future crops.

Yet not alone to raise, but to secure
Thy products from invasion, and divide
For various use th' appropriated fields,
Disdain not thus to learn. For this, the floe, 180
The furze, the holly, to thy hand present
Their branches, and their different merits boast.
But from the nurs'ry then with care select
Quick hawthorn setts, well rooted, smooth, and straight:
Then low as sinks thy ditch on either side, 185
Let rise in height the sloping bank: there plant
Thy future fence, at intervals a foot
From each to each, in beds of richest mould.
Nor ends the labour here; but to defend
Thy infant shoots from depredation deep, 190
At proper distance drive stiff oaken stakes;
Which, interwove with boughs and flexile twigs,
Frustrate the nibbling flock or brouzing herd.
Thus, if from weeds, that rob them of their food,
Or choak, by covering from the vital air, 195
The hoe's neat culture keep the thick'ning shoots,
Soon shall they rise, and to thy field afford
A beauteous, strong, impenetrable fence.
The linnet, goldfinch, nightingale, and thrush,
Here, by security invited, build 200
Their little nests, and all thy labours cheer
With melody: the hand of lovely May
Here strews her sweetest blossoms; and if mix'd
With stocks of knotted crabs, ingrafted fruits,
When autumn crowns the year, shall smile around.

But from low shrubs, if thy ambition rise
To cultivate the larger tree, attend. 206

From seeds, or suckers, layers, or setts, arise
Their various tribes; for now exploded stands
The vulgar fable of spontaneous birth, 210
To plant or animal. He, then, who, pleas'd,
In Fancy's eye beholds his future race

Rejoicing in the shades their grandfire gave;
Or he whose patriot views extend to raise,
In distant ages, Britain's naval power; 215

Must first prepare, inclining to the south,
A shelter'd nurs'ry; well from weeds, from shrubs,
Clear'd by the previous culture of the plough,
From cattle fenc'd, and ev'ry peeling tooth.

Then from the summit of the fairest tree, 220
His seed selected ripe, and sow'd in rills

On Nature's fruitful lap: the harrow's care
Indulgent covers from keen frosts that pierce,
Or vermin who devour. The wint'ry months
In embryo close the future forest lies, 225

And waits for germination: but in spring,
When their green heads first rise above the earth,
And ask thy fostering hand; then to their roots
The light soil gently move, and strew around
Old leaves, or litter'd straw, to screen from heat 230

The tender infants. Leave not to vile weeds
This friendly office; whose false kindness chokes,
Or starves the nurslings they pretend to shade.

When now four summers have beheld their youth
Attended in the nursery, then transplant, 235
The soil prepar'd, to where thy future grove
Is destin'd to uprear its leafy head.

Avoid the error of impatience. He
Who, eager to enjoy the cooling shade
His hands shall raise, removes at vast expence 240
Tall trees, with envy and regret shall see
His neighbour's infant plants soon, soon outstrip
The tardy loiterers of his dwindled copse.

But if thy emulation's gen'rous pride 244
Would boast the largest timber straight and strong!

Thick let the seedling in their native beds
 Stand unremov'd ; so shall each lat'ral branch,
 Obstructed, send its nourishment to raise
 The tow'ring stem : and they whose vig'rous health
 Exalts above the rest their lofty heads, 250
 Aspiring still, shall spread their powerful arms,
 While the weak puny race, obscur'd below,
 Sick'ning, die off, and leave their victors room.

Nor small the praise the skilful planter claims
 From his befriended country. Various arts 255
 Borrow from him materials. The soft beech,
 And close-grain'd box, employ the turner's wheel,
 And with a thousand implements supply
 Mechanic skill. Their beauteous veins the yew
 And phyllerea lend, to surface o'er 260
 The cabinet. Smooth linden best obeys
 The carver's chissel : best his curious work
 Displays in all its nicest touches. Birch—
 Ah ! why should birch supply the chair ? since oft
 Its cruel twigs compel the smarting youth 265
 To dread the hateful seat. Tough-bending ash
 Gives to the humble swain his useful plough,
 And for the peer his prouder chariot builds.
 To weave our baskets the soft osier lends
 His pliant twigs : Staves that nor shrink nor swell,
 The cooper's close-wrought cask to chesnut owes. 271
 The sweet leav'd walnut's undulated grain,
 Polish'd with care, adds to the workman's art
 Its varying beauties. The tall, tow'ring elm,
 Scoop'd into hollow tubes, in secret streams 275
 Conveys for many a mile the limpid wave ;
 Or from its height, when humbled to the ground,
 Conveys the pride of mortal man to dust.
 And last the oak, king of Britannia's woods,
 And guardian of her isle ! whose sons robust, 280
 The best supporters of incumbent weight,
 Their beams and pillars to the builder give.
 Of strength immense : or in the bounding deep
 The loose foundations lay of floating walls,
 Impreguably secure. But sunk, but fall'n 285

From all your ancient grandeur, O ye groves!
 Beneath whose lofty venerable boughs
 The druid erst his solemn rights perform'd,
 And taught to distant realms his sacred lore,
 Where are your beauties fled? where but to serve 290
 Your thankless country, who unblushing sees
 Her naked forests longing for your shade.

The task, the glorious task, for thee remains,
 O prince belov'd! for thee more nobly born
 Than for thyself alone, the patriot work 295
 Yet unattempted waits. O let not pass
 The fair occasion to remotest time
 Thy name with praise, with honour to transmit!
 So shall thy country's rising fleets, to thee
 Owe future triumph; so her naval strength, 300
 Supported from within, shall fix thy claim
 To ocean's sov'reignty; and to thy ports,
 In every climate of the peopled earth,
 Bear commerce; fearless, unresisted, safe.
 Let then the great ambition fire thy breast, 305
 For this thy native land; replace the lost
 Inhabitants of her deserted plains.
 Let Thame once more on Windsor's lofty hills
 Survey young forests planted by thy hand.
 Let fair Sabrina's flood again behold 310
 The * Spaniard's terror rise renew'd. And Trent,
 From Sherwood's ample plains with pride convey
 The bulwarks of her country to the main.

O native Sherwood, happy were thy bard,
 Might these his rural notes to future time 315
 Boast of tall groves, that, nodding o'er thy plain,
 Rose to their tuneful melody. But, ah!
 Beneath the feeble efforts of a muse
 Untutor'd by the lore of Greece or Rome;
 A stranger to the fair Castalian springs, 320
 Whence happier poets inspiration draw,
 And the sweet magic of persuasive song,
 The weak presumption, the fond hope expires.

* The officers on board the Spanish fleet, in 1588, called the invincible Armada, had it in their orders, if they could not subdue the island, at least to destroy the forest of Dean, which is in the neighbourhood of the river Severn.

Yet sure some sacred impulse stirs my breast!
 I feel, I feel, an heavenly guest within! 325
 And all-obedient to the ruling God,
 The pleasing task which he inspires, pursue.
 And hence, disdaining low and trivial things;
 Why should I tell of him whose obvious heart,
 To drain the low damp meadow, sloping sinks 330
 A hollow trench, which arch'd at half its depth,
 Cover'd with filtering brush-wood, furze or broom,
 And surfac'd o'er with earth; in secret streams
 Draws its collected moisture from the glebe?
 Or why of him, who o'er his sandy fields, 335
 Too dry to bear the sun's meridian beam,
 Calls from the neighbouring hills obsequious springs,
 Which led in winding currents through the mead,
 Cool the hot soil, refresh the thirsty plain,
 While wither'd plants reviving smile around?
 But sing, O muse! the swain, the happy swain,
 Whom taste and nature leading o'er his fields, 340
 Conduct to ev'ry rural beauty. See!
 Before his footsteps winds the waving walk,
 Here gently rising, there descending flow
 Through the tall grove, or near the water's brink,
 Where flowers besprinkled paint the shelving bank, 345
 And weeping willows bend to kiss the stream.
 Now wandering o'er the lawn he roves, and now
 Beneath the hawthorn's secret shade reclines:
 Where purple violets hang their bashful heads,
 Where yellow cowslips, and the blushing pink, 360
 Their mingled sweets, and lovely hues combine.
 Here shelter'd from the North, his ripening fruits
 Display their sweet temptations from the wall,
 Or from the gay espalier: while below,
 His various esculents, from glowing beds, 365
 Give the fair promise of delicious feasts.
 There from his forming hand new scenes arise,
 The fair creation of his fancy's eye.
 Lo! bosom'd in the solemn shady grove,
 Whose reverend branches wave on yonder hill, 370
 He views the moss-grown temple's ruin'd tower.

Cover'd with creeping ivy's cluster'd leaves ;
 The mansion seeming of some rural god,
 Whom nature's choristers, in untaught hymns
 Of wild yet sweetest harmony, adore. 365
 From the bold brow of that aspiring steep,
 Where hang the nibbling flocks, and view below
 Their downward shadows in the grassy wave,
 What pleasing landscapes spread before his eye !
 Of scatter'd villages, and winding streams, 370
 And meadows green, and woods, and distant spires,
 Seeming, above the blue horizon's bound,
 To prop the canopy of Heav'n. Now lost
 Amidst a glooming wilderness of shrubs,
 The golden orange, arbuté ever green. 375
 The early-blooming almond, feathery pine,
 Fair* opulus, to spring, to autumn dear,
 And the sweet shades of varying verdure, caught
 From soft Acacia's gently waving branch,
 Heedless he wanders : while the grateful scents 380
 Of sweet-bryar, roses, honeysuckles wild,
 Regale the smell ; and to th' enchanted eye
 Mezereon's purple, laurustinus white,
 And pale laburnum's pendent flowers display
 Their different beauties. O'er the smooth-shorn grass
 His lingering footsteps leisurely proceed, 386
 In meditation deep :—When, hark ! the sound
 Of distant water steals upon his ear ;
 And sudden opens to his pausing eye
 The rapid rough cascade, from the rude rock 390
 Down dashing in a stream of lucid foam :
 Then glides away, meand'ring o'er the lawn,
 A liquid surface ; shining seen afar,
 At intervals, beneath the shadowy trees ;
 Till lost and bury'd in the distant grove. 395
 Wrapt into sacred musing, he reclines
 Beneath the covert of embowering shades ;
 And, painting to his mind the bustling scenes
 Of pride and bold ambition, pities kings.
 Genius of gardens ! nature's fairest child ! 385

* The gelder rose.

Thou who, inspir'd by the directing mind
 Of Heaven, did'st plan the scenes of Paradise!
 Thou at whose bidding rose th' Hesperian bowers
 Of ancient fame, the fair Aonian mount,
 Castalian springs, and all th' enchanting groves 490
 Of Tempe's vale: O where hast thou been hid?
 For ages where have stray'd thy steps unknown?
 Welcome at length, thrice welcome to the shore
 Of Britain's beauteous isle; where verdant plains,
 Where hills and dales, and woods and waters join,
 To aid thy pencil, favour thy designs, 495
 And give thy varying landscapes every charm.
 Drive then † Batavia's monsters from our shades;
 Nor let unhallow'd shears profane the form,
 Which Heaven's own hand, with symmetry divine,
 Hath given to all the vegetable tribes. 400
 Banish the regular deformity
 Of plans by line and compass, rules abhorr'd
 In nature's free plantations; and restore
 Its pleasing wildness to the garden walk;
 The calm serene recess of thoughtful man, 405
 In meditation's silent sacred hour.

And lo! thy progress of the steps appears
 In fair improvements scatter'd round the land,
 Earliest in Chiswick's beauteous model seen:
 There thy first favourite, in the happy shade 410
 To nature introduc'd, the goddess woo'd,
 And in sweet rapture there enjoy'd her charms.
 In Richmond's venerable woods and wilds,
 The calm retreat, where weary'd majesty,
 Unbending from his cares for Britain's peace, 415
 Steals a few moments to indulge his own.
 On Oatland's brow, where grandeur sits enthron'd,
 Smiling on beauty. In the lovely vale
 Of Esher, where the mole glides lingering, loth
 To leave such scenes of sweet simplicity. 420
 In * Woburn's ornamented fields, where gay
 Variety, where mingled lights and shades,

† Mr. Southcote's.

* The taste for strait lines, regular platforms, and clipt trees, was imported from Holland at the Revolution.

Where lawns and groves, and opening prospects break,
 With sweet surprise, upon the wand'ring eye,
 On Hagley's hills, irregular and wild, 425
 Where through romantic scenes of hanging woods,
 And vallies green, and rocks, and hollow dales,
 While echo talks, and nymphs and dryads play,
 Thou rov'st enamour'd; leading by the hand
 Its master, who inspir'd with all thy art, 430
 Adds beauties to what nature plann'd so fair.

Hail sweet retirement! Wisdom's peaceful seat!
 Where lifted from the crowd, and calmly plac'd
 Beyond the deafening roar of human strife,
 Th' * Athenian sage his happy followers taught, 435
 That pleasure sprang from virtue. Gracious Heaven!
 How worthy thy divine beneficence,
 This fair establish'd truth! ye blissful bowers,
 Ye vocal groves, whose echoes caught his lore,
 O might I hear, through time's long tract convey'd,
 The moral lessons taught beneath your shades! 441
 And lo, transported to the sacred scenes,
 Such the divine enchantment of the muse,
 I see the sage: I hear, I hear his voice.

“ The end of life is happiness; the means 445
 “ That end to gain, fair virtue gives alone.
 “ From the vain phantoms or delusive fear,
 “ Or strong desire's intemp'rance, spring the woes
 “ Which human life embitter. Oh, my sons,
 “ From error's darkening clouds, from groundless fear
 “ Enfeebling all her powers, with early skill, 451
 “ Clear the bewilder'd mind. Let fortitude
 “ Establish in your breasts her steadfast throne;
 “ So shall the stings of evil fix no wound:
 “ Nor dread of poverty, nor pain, nor grief, 455
 “ Nor life's disasters, nor the fear of death,
 “ Shake the just purpose of your steady souls.
 “ The golden curb of temp'rance next prepare,
 “ To rein th' impetuous fallies of desire.
 “ He who the kindling sparks of anger checks, 460

* Epicurus, who on account of teaching in his garden, was called the garden philosopher; and his disciples the philosophers of the garden.

" Shall ne'er with fruitless tears in vain lament
 " Its flame's destructive rage. Who from the vale
 " Ambition's dangerous pinnacle surveys;
 " Safe from the blast which shakes the towering pile,
 " Enjoys secure repose, nor dreads the storm 465
 " When public clamours rise. Who cautious turns
 " From lewd temptation smiling in the eye
 " Of wantonness hath burst the golden bands
 " Of future anguish; hath redeem'd his frame
 " From early feebleness, and dire disease. 470
 " Who let the griping hand of avarice pinch
 " To narrow selfishness the social heart:
 " Excludes fair friendship, charity, and love,
 " From their divine exertions in his breast.
 " And see, my friends, this garden's little bound,
 " So small the wants of nature, well supplies 476
 " Our board with plenty; roots, or wholesome pulse,
 " Or herbs, or flavour'd fruits; and from the stream
 " The hand of moderation fills a cup,
 " To thirst delicious. Hence nor fevers rise, 480
 " Nor surfeits, nor the boiling blood, inflam'd
 " With turbid violence, the veins distends.
 " Hear then, and weigh the moment of my words,
 " Who thus the sensual appetites restrain,
 " Enjoy the *heavenly Venus of these shades,
 " Celestial pleasure; tranquil and secure,
 " From pain, disease, and anxious troubles free. 487

CANTO III.

The Argument.

Of hay-making. A method of preserving hay from being mow-burnt, or taking fire. Of harvest, and the harvest-home. The praises of England with regard to its various products. Apples. Hops. Hemp. Flax. Coals. Fuller's-earth. Stone. Lead. Tin. Iron. Dyer's herbs. Esculents. Medicinals. Transitions from the cultivation of the earth to the care of sheep, cattle, and horses. Of feeding sheep. Of their diseases.---Sheep-shearing. Of improving the breed. Of the dairy and its products. Of horses. The draught-horse---road-horse---hunter---race-horse---and war horse. Concluding with an address to the Prince to prefer the arts of peace to those of war.

WHILE thus at ease, beneath embellish'd shades,
 We rove delighted; lo! the ripening mead
 Calls forth the labouring hinds, in slanting rows,
 With still-approaching step, and levell'd stroke,

* He placed in his garden a statue of the Venus Celestis, which probably he might intend should be symbolical of his doctrine.

The early mower, bending o'er his scythe,
Lays low the slender grass; emblem of man,
Falling beneath the ruthless hand of time.

5

Then follows blithe, equipt with fork and rake,
In light array, the train of nymphs and swains.

Wide o'er the field, their labour seeming sport,
They toss the withering herbage. Light it flies,

10

Borne on the wings of zephyr; whose soft gale,
Now while th' ascending sun's bright beam exhales

The grateful sweetness of the new-mown hay,
Breathing refreshment, fans the toiling swain.

15

And soon, the jocund dale and echoing hill
Resound with merriment. The simple jest;

The village tale of scandal, and the taunts
Of rude unpolish'd wit, raise sudden bursts

20

Of laughter from beneath the spreading oak,
Where thrown at ease, and shelter'd from the sun,

The plain repast and wholesome bev'rage cheer
Their spirits. Light as air they spring renew'd

To social labour: soon the ponderous wain
Moves slowly onwards with its fragrant load,

25

And swells the barn capacious: or, to crown
Their toil, large tapering pyramids they build,

The magazines of plenty, to ensure
From winter's want the flocks and lowing herds.

But do the threatening clouds precipitate
Thy work, and hurry to the field thy team,

30

Ere the sun's heat, or penetrating wind,
Hath drawn its moisture from the fading grass?

Or hath the bursting shower thy labours drench'd
With sudden inundation? Ah, with care

35

Accumulate thy load, or in the mow,
Or on the rising rick. The smother'd damps,

Fermenting, glow within; and latent sparks
At length engender'd, kindle by degrees,

Till wide and wider spreading, they admit
The fatal blast, which instantly consumes,

40

In flames resistless, thy collected store.

This dire disaster to avoid, prepare

A hollow basket, or the concave round

Of some capacious vessel ; to its sides
 Affix a triple cord : then let the swains,
 Full in the centre of thy purpos'd heap,
 Place the obtrusive barrier ; raising still
 As they advance, by its united bands,
 The wide machine. Thus leaving in the midst
 An empty space, the cooling air draws in,
 And from the flame, or from offensive taints
 Pernicious to thy cattle, saves their food.

And now the ruler of the golden day,
 From the fierce Lion glows with heat intense ;
 While Ceres in the ripening field looks down
 In smiles benign. Now with enraptur'd eye
 The end of all his toil, and its reward,
 The farmer views. Ah, gracious heaven ! attend
 His fervent prayer : restrain the tempest's rage,
 The dreadful blight disarm ; nor in one blast
 The products of the labouring year destroy !
 Yet vain is heaven's indulgence ; for when now
 In ready ranks th' impatient reapers stand,
 Arm'd with the scythe or sickle :—echoes shrill
 Of winding horns, the shouts and hallowings loud
 Of huntsmen, and the cry of opening hounds,
 Float in the gale melodious, but invade
 His frightened sense with dread. Near and more near
 Th' unwelcome sounds approach ; and sudden o'er
 His fence the tall stag bounds : in close pursuit
 The hunter train, on many a noble steed,
 Undaunted follow ; while the eager pack
 Burst unresisted through the yielding hedge,
 In vain, unheard, the wretched hind exclaims :
 The ruin of his crop in vain laments ;
 Deaf to his cries, they traverse the ripe field
 In cruel exultation ; trampling down
 Beneath their feet, in one short moment's sport,
 The peace, the comfort of his future year.
 Unfeeling wealth ! ah, when wilt thou forbear
 Thy insults, thy injustice to the poor ?
 When taste the bliss of nursing in thy breast
 The sweet sensations of humanity ?

Yet all are not destroyers: some unspoil'd
 By fortune still preserve a feeling heart.
 And see the yellow fields, with labourers spread,
 Resign their treasures to the reaper's hand.
 Here stands in comely order on the plain,
 And cluster'd sheafs, the king of golden corn, 90
 Unbearded wheat, support of human life;
 There rises in round heaps the maltster's hope,
 Grain which the reaper's care solicits best
 By tempting promises of potent beer,
 The joy, the mead of thirst-creating toil; 95
 The poor man's clammy* fare the sickle reaps;
 The steed's light provender obeys the scythe.
 Labour and mirth united, glow beneath
 The mid-day sun: the laughing hinds rejoice:
 Their master's heart is open'd, and his eye 100
 Looks with indulgence on the gleaning poor,
 At length adorned with boughs and garlands gay,
 Nods the last load along the shouting field.
 Now to the God of harvest in a song
 The grateful farmer pays accepted thanks, 105
 With joy unfeign'd: while to his ravish'd ear
 The gratulations of assisting swains
 Are music. His exulting soul expands:
 He presses every aiding hand; he bids
 The plenteous feast, beneath some spreading tree, 110
 Load the large board; and circulates the bowl,
 The copious bowl, unmeasur'd, unrestrain'd,
 A free libation to the immortal gods,
 Who crown with plenty the prolific soil.
 Hail, favour'd island! happy region, hail! 115
 Whose temperate skies, mild air, and genial dews,
 Enrich the fertile glebe; blessing thy sons
 With various products, to the life of man
 Indulgent. Thine Pomona's choicest gift,
 The tasteful apple, rich with racy juice, 120
 Theme of thy envy'd song, Silurian bard;
 Affording to the swains, in sparkling cups,

* Rye, of which is made a coarse clammy kind of bread, used by the poorer people in many parts of England, on account of its cheapness.

Delicious bev'rage. Thine, on Cantium's hills,
 The flow'ry hop, whose tendrils climbing round
 The tall aspiring pole, bear their light heads 125
 Aloft, in pendant clusters; which in malt's
 Fermenting tuns infus'd, to mellow age
 Preserves the potent draught. Thine to the plant,
 To whose tough stringy stalks thy num'rous fleets
 Owe their strong cordage: with her sister stem, 130
 Her fairer sister, whence Minerva's* tribe,
 T'enfold in softness beauty's lovely limbs,
 Present their woven texture: and from whence,
 A second birth, grows the papyrean† leaf,
 A tablet firm, on which the painter bard 135
 Delineates thought, and to the wondering eye
 Embodies vocal air, and groups the sound.

With various blessings teems thy fruitful womb.
 Lo! from the depth of many a yawning mine,
 Thy fossil treasures rise. Thy blazing hearths 140
 From deep sulphureous pits, consumeless stores
 Of fuel boast. The oil-imbibing ‡ earth,
 The fuller's mill assisting, safe defies
 All foreign rivals in the clothier's art.
 The builder's stone thy numerous quarries hide; 145
 With lime, its close concomitant. The hills,
 The barren hills of Derby's wildest peak,
 In lead abound; soft, fusile, malleable;
 Whose ample sheets my venerable domes,
 From rough inclement storms of wind and rain, 150
 In safety clothe. Devona's ancient mines,
 Whose treasures tempted first Phœnicia's sons
 To court thy commerce, still exhaustless, yield
 The valued ore, from whence, Britannia, thou
 Thine honour'd § name deriv'st. Nor want'st thou store

* Minerva is said to have invented the art of weaving.

† The leaf of the Egyptian plant, papyrus, was anciently used for writing upon; from whence is derived the name of our present material called paper.

‡ Fuller's earth is found in no other country; and as it is of so great use in the manufacturing of cloth, the exportation of it is prohibited. Dr. Woodward says this fossil is of more value to England than the mines of Peru would be.

§ The learned antiquary, Bochart, is of opinion, that the Phœnicians coming to buy tin in the island of Albion, gave it the name of Barat-Anac that is, the land or country of Tin; which being softened by the Greek

Of that all-useful metal, the support
Of ev'ry art mechanic. Hence arise

156

In Dean's large forest numerous glowing kilns,
The rough rude ore calcining; whence convey'd
To the fierce furnace, its intenser heat

160

Melts the hard mass, which flows an iron stream,
On sandy beds below: and stiffening there,
A pondrous lump, but to the hammer tam'd,
Takes from the forge, in bars, its final form.

But the glad muse, from subterranean caves
Emerging, views with wonder and delight,
What numerous products still remain unsung.

165

With fish abound thy streams, thy sheltering woods
To fowl give friendly covert! and thy plains

The cloven-footed race, in various herds,

170

Range undisturb'd. Fair Flora's sweetest buds
Blow on thy beauteous bosom; and her fruits
Pomona pours in plenty on thy lap.

Thou to the dyer's tinging cauldron giv'st
The yellow-staining weed, * luteola;

175

The † glastum brown, with which thy naked sons
In ancient time their hardy limbs distain'd;
Nor the rich ‡ rubia does thine hand withhold.

Grateful and salutary spring the plants
Which crown thy numerous gardens, and invite
To health and temperance, in the simple meal,
Unstain'd with murder, undefil'd with blood,
Unpoison'd with rich sauces, to provoke
Th' unwilling appetite to gluttony.

180

For this the bulbous esculents their roots
With sweetness fill; for this, with cooling juice
The green herb spreads its leaves; and opening buds,

185

into Britannia, was adopted by the Romans. This etymology seems to be confirmed by the Grecians calling the isles of Sicily Cassiterides, which signifies in Greek, the same as Barat-Anac in Phœnician.

Rapin.

* Wield, commonly called Dyer's Wood.

† Woad.

‡ Madder, which is used by the Dyers for making the most solid and richest red; and as Mortimer observes, was thought so valuable in King Charles the First's time, that it was made a patent commodity. But the cultivation of it hath since been so strangely neglected, that we now purchase from the Dutch the greatest part of what we use, to the amount, as Mr. Millar, in his Gardener's Dictionary, says, he hath been informed, of near thirty thousand pounds a-year.

And flowers and seeds, with various flavours tempt
Th' ensanguin'd palate from its savage feast.

Nor hath the god of phyfic and of day 190
Forgot to shed kind influence on thy plants
Medicinal. Lo! from his beaming rays
Their various energies to every herb
Imparted flow. He the salubrious leaf
Of cordial sage, the purple-flowering head 195
Of fragrant lavender, enlivening mint,
Valerian's fetid smell, endows benign
With their cephalic virtues. He the root
Of broad angelica, and tufted flower
Of creeping camomile, impregnates deep 200
With powers carminative. In every brake
Worm wood and centzury, their bitter juice,
To aid digestion's sickly powes, refine.
The smooth * althæa its balsamic wave
Indulgent pours. Eryngo's strengthening root 205
Surrounds thy sea-girt isle, restorative,
Fair queen of love, to thy enfeebled sons,
† Hypericum, beneath each shelt'ring bush,
Its healing virtue modestly conceals.
Thy friendly soil to liquorice imparts 210
Its dulcet moisture, whence the labouring lungs
Of panting asthma find a sure relief.
The scarlet poppy, on thy painted fields.
Bows his somniferous head, inviting soon
To peaceful slumber the disorder'd mind: 215
Lo, from the baum's exhilarating leaf,
The moping fiend, black melancholy, flies;
And burning febris, with its lenient flood,
Cools her hot entrails; or embathes her limbs
In sudorific streams, that cleansing flow 220
From saffron's friendly spring. Thou too can't boast
The ‡ blessed thistle, whose rejective power
Relieves the loaded viscera; and to thee

* Marsh-mallows.

† St. John's-wort.

‡ Carduus, called by physical writers, Carduus*Beneditus.

The rose, the violet their emolient leaves
On every bush, on every bank, display. 225

These are thy products, fair Britannia, these
The copious blessings, which thy env'd sons
Divided and distinguish'd from the world,
Secure and free, beneath just laws, enjoy,
Nor dread the ravage of destructive war; 230
Nor black contagion's pestilential breath;
Nor rending earth's convulsions,—fields, flocks, towns,
Swallow'd abrupt, in ruin's frightful jaws;
Nor worse, far worse than all, the iron hand
Of lawless power, stretch'd o'er precarious wealth, 235
Lands, liberty, and life, the wanton prey
Of its enormous, unresisted gripe.

But further now in vegetation's paths,
Through cultur'd fields, and woods, and waving crops—
The weary'd muse forbears to wind her walk.
To flocks and herds her future strains aspire,
And let the listening hinds instructed hear
The closing precepts of her labour'd song.

Lo! on the other side yon slanting hill,
Beneath a spreading oak's broad foliage, sits 245
The shepherd swain, and patient by his side
His watchful dog; while round the nibbling flocks
Spread their white fleeces o'er the verdant slope,
A landscape pleasing to the painter's eye.
Mark his maternal care. The tender race, 250
Of heat impatient, as of pinching cold
Afraid, he shelters from the rising sun,
Beneath the mountain's western side; and when
The evening beam shoots eastward, turning seeks
Th' alternate umbrage. Now to the sweetest food
Of fallow'd fields he leads, and nightly folds, 256
T' enrich the exhausted soil: defending safe
From murd'rous thieves, and from the prowling fox,
Their helpless innocence. His skilful eye
Studious explores the latent ills which prey 260
Upon the bleating nation. The foul mange
Infectious, their impatient foot, by oft
Repeated scratchings, will betray. This calls

For his immediate aid, the spreading taint
To stop. Tobacco, in the briny wave 265
Infus'd, affords a wash of sovereign use
To heal the dire disease, the wriggling tail
Sure indication gives, that, bred beneath,
Devouring vermin lurk: these, or with dust
Or deaden'd lime besprinkled thick, fall off 270
In smother'd crowds. Diseases numerous
Assault the harmless race: but the chief fiend
Which taints with rottenness their inward frame,
And sweeps them from the plain in putrid heaps,
A nuisance to the smell. This, this demands 275
His watchful care. If he perceives the fleece
In patches lost; if the dejected eye
Looks pale and languid; if the rosy gums
Change to a yellow foulness; and the breath,
Panting and short, emits a sickly stench; 280
Warn'd by the fatal symptoms, he removes
To rising grounds and dry the tainted flock;
The best expedient to restore that health
Which the full pasture, or the low damp moor
Endanger'd. But if bare and barren hills, 285
Or dry and sandy plains, too far remov'd
Deny their aid: he speedily prepares
Rue's bitter juice, with brine and brimstone mix'd,
A powerful remedy; which from an horn
Injected, stops the dangerous malady. 290

Refulgent summer now his hot domain
Hath carried to the tropic, and begins
His backward journey. Now beneath the sun
Mellowing their fleeces for th' impending shears,
The woolly people in full clothing sweat: 295
When the smooth current of a limpid brook
The shepherd seeks, and plunging in its waves
The frightened innocents their whitening robes
In the clear stream grow pure. Emerging hence,
On litter'd straw the bleating flocks recline 300
Till glowing heat shall dry, and breathing dews
Perspiring soft, again through all the fleece
Diffuse their oily fatness. Then the swain

Prepares th' elastic shears, and gently down
 The patient creature lays ; divesting soon
 Its lighten'd limbs of their encumbering load. 305

O more than mines of gold, than diamonds far
 More precious, more important is the fleece !
 This, this the soild base on which the sons
 Of commerce build, exalted to the sky, 510
 The structure of their grandeur, wealth ! and power,
 Hence in the earliest childhood of her state,
 Ere yet her merchants spread the British sail,
 To earth descending in a radiant cloud,
 Britannia seiz'd th' invaluable spoil. 315

To ocean's verge exulting swift she flew ;
 There, on the bosom of the bounding wave,
 Rais'd on her pearly car, fair commerce rode
 Sublime, the goddess of the wat'ry world,
 On every coast, and every clime ador'd. 320
 High waving in her hand the woolly prize,
 Britannia hail'd and beckon'd to her shore
 The power benign. Invited by the fleece,
 From whence her penetrating eyes foresaw
 What mighty honours to her name should rise, 325
 She beam'd a gracious smile. Th' obedient winds
 Rein'd by her hand, conducted to the beach
 Her sumptuous car. But more convenient place
 The muse shall find, to sing the friendly league,
 Which here commenc'd, to time's remotest age, 330
 Shall bear the glory of the British sail

Cautious and fearful, some in early spring
 Recruit their flocks ; as when the wint'y storms
 The tender frame hath prov'd. But he whose aim
 Ambitious should aspire to mend the breed, 335
 In fruitful autumn stocks the bleating field
 With buxom ewes, that, to their soft desires
 Indulgent, he may give the noblest rams.
 Yet not too early in the genial sport
 Invite the modest ewe ; let Michael's feast 340
 Commemorate the deed ; lest the cold hand
 Of winter pinch too hard the new-yea'n'd lamb,

How nice, how delicate appears his choice,
 When fixing on the fire to raise his flock!
 His shape, his marks, how curious he surveys! 345
 His body large and deep, his buttocks broad
 Give indication of internal strength;
 Be short his leg, yet active; small his head;
 So shall Lucina's pains less pungent prove,
 And less the hazard of the teeming ewe! 350
 Long be his tail, and large his wool-grown ear;
 Thick, shining, white, his fleece; his hazel eye
 Large, bold, and cheerful; and his horns, if horns
 You choose, not straight, but curving round and round
 On either side his head. These the sole arms 355
 His inoffensive mildness bears; not made
 For shedding blood, nor hostile war: yet these,
 When love, all-powerful, swells his breast, and pours
 Into his heart new courage, these he aims,
 With meditated fury at his foe. 360

In glowing colours, here the tempted muse
 Might paint the rushing conflict, when provok'd
 The rival rams, opposing front to front,
 Spring forth with desperate madness to the fight:
 But as deterr'd by the superior bard, 365
 Whose steps, at awful distance, I revere,
 Nor dare to tread; so by the thundering strife
 Of his majestic fathers of the herd,
 My feeble combatants appall'd retreat.

At leisure now, O let me once again, 370
 Once, ere I leave the cultivated fields,
 My favourite Patty, in her dairy's pride,
 Revisit; and the generous steeds which grace
 The pastures of her swain, well-pleas'd, survey.
 The lowing kine, see, at their 'custom'd hour, 375
 Wait the returning pail. The rosy maid,
 Crouching beneath their side, in copious streams
 Exhaust the swelling udder. Vessels large
 And broad, by the sweet hand of neatness clean'd.
 Meanwhile, in decent order rang'd, appear 380
 The milky treasure, strain'd through filtering lawn,
 Intended to receive. At early day,

Sweet slumber shaken from her opening lids,
My lovely Patty to her dairy hies :

There from the surface of expanded bowls 385

She skims the floating cream, and to her churn
Commits the rich consistence ; nor disdains,
Though soft her hand, though delicate her frame,
To urge the rural toil ; fond to obtain

The country-housewife's name and praise. 390

Continu'd agitation separates soon
The unctuous particles ; with gentler strokes,
And artful, soon they coalesce ; at length,

Cool water pouring from the limpid spring
Into a smooth glaz'd vessel, deep and wide, 395

She gathers the loose fragments to an heap ;
Which in the cleansing wave well wrought, and press'd
To one consistent golden mass, receives

The sprinkled seasoning, and of parts, or pounds,
The fair impression, the neat shape assumes. 400

Is cheese her care ? Warm from the teat she pours
The milky flood. An acid juice infus'd,

From the dry'd stomach drawn of suckling calf,
Coagulates the whole. Immediate now 404

Her spreading hands bear down the gathering curd,
Which hard and harder grows ; till, clear and thin,
The green whey rises separate. Happy swains !

Oh how I envy ye the luscious draught,
The soft salubrious beverage ! To a vat,
The size and fashion which her taste approves, 410

She bears the snow-white heaps, her future cheese ;
And the strong press establishes its form.

But nicer cates, her dairy's boasted fare,
The jelly'd cream, or custard, daintiest food,
Or cheesecake, or the cooling syllabub, 415

For Thyrsis she prepares ; who from the field,
Returning, with the kiss of love sincere,
Salutes her rosy lip. A tender look,

Meantime, and cheerful smiles, his welcome speak :
Down to their frugal board contentment sits, 420

And calls it feasting. Prattling infants dear
Engage their fond regard, and closer tie

The band of nuptial love. They, happy, feel
 Each other's bliss, and both in different spheres
 Employ'd, nor seek nor wish that cheating charm, 425
 Variety, which idlers to their aid
 Call in, to make the length of lazy life
 Drag on less heavily. Domestic cares,
 Her children and her dairy, well divide
 Th' appropriated hours, and duty makes 430
 Employment pleasure. He, delighted, gives
 Each busy season of the rolling year,
 To raise, to feed, t' improve the generous horse;
 And fit for various use his strength of speed.

Dull, patient, heavy, of large limbs, robust, 435
 Whom neither beauty marks, nor spirits fire:
 Him, to the servile toil of dragging slow
 The burden'd carriage; or to drudge beneath
 A ponderous load impos'd, his justice dooms.
 Yet, straining in the enormous cars which crowd 440
 Thy bustling streets, Augusta, queen of trade,
 What noble beasts are seen? sweating beneath
 Their toil, and tremble at the driver's whip,
 Urg'd with malicious fury on the parts
 Where feeling lives most sensible of pain. 445
 Fell tyrants, hold! forbear your hell-born rage!

See ye not every sinew, every nerve
 Stretch'd e'en to bursting? Villains!—but the muse
 Quick from the savage russians turns her eye,
 Frowning indignant. Steeds of hardier kind, 450
 And cool though sprightly, to the travell'd road
 He destines; sure of foot, of steady pace,
 Active, and persevering, uncompell'd,
 The tedious length of many a beaten mile.

But not alone to these inferior tribes 455
 Th' ambitious swain confines his generous breed.
 Hark! in his fields, when now the distant sounds
 Of winding horns, and dogs, and huntsmen's shout,
 Awake the sense, his kindling hunter neighs,
 Quick start his ears erect, his beating heart 460
 Exults, his light limbs bound, he bears aloft,
 Rais'd by tumultuous joy, his tossing head;

And all impatient for the well-known sport,
 Leaps the tall fence, and listening to the cry,
 Pursues with voluntary speed the chase. 465
 See! o'er the plain he sweeps, nor hedge nor ditch
 Obstructs his eager flight; nor straining hills,
 Nor headlong steep deter the vigorous steed:
 Till join'd at length, associate of the sport,
 He mingles with the train, stops as they stop, 470
 Pursues as they pursue, and all the wild
 Enlivening raptures of the field enjoys.

Easy in motion, perfect in his form,
 His boasted lineage drawn from steeds of blood,
 He the fleet courier too, exulting shows, 475
 And points with pride his beauties. Neatly set
 His lively head, and glowing in his eye
 True spirit lives. His nostril wide, inhales
 With ease the ambient air. His body firm
 And round, upright his joints, his horny hoofs 480
 Small, shining, light; and large his ample reach.
 His limbs, though slender, brac'd with sinewy strength,
 Declare his winged speed. His temper mild,
 Yet high his mettled heart. Hence in the race
 All emulous, he hears the clashing whips; 485
 He feels the animating shouts; exerts
 With eagerness his utmost powers; and strains,
 And springs, and flies, to reach the destin'd goal.

But, lo! the boast, the glory of his stalls,
 His warrior steed appears. What comely pride, 490
 What dignity, what grace, attend on all
 His motions? See! exulting in his strength,
 He paws the ground impatient. On his brow
 Courage enthroned sits, and animates
 His fearless eye. He bends his arched crest, 495
 His mane loose-flowing, ruffles in the wind,
 Clothing his chest with fury. Proud, he snorts,
 Champs on the foaming bit, and prancing high,
 Disdainful seems to tread the fordid earth.
 Yet hears he and obeys his master voice, 500
 All gentleness: and feels, with conscious pride,
 His dappled neck clapp'd with a cheering hand.

But when the battle's martial sounds invade
His ear, when drums and trumpets loud proclaim
The rushing onset ; when thick smoke, when fire, 505
Burst thundering from the cannon's awful mouth ;
Then all inspir'd he kindles into flame !
Intrepid, neighs aloud ; and, panting, seems
Impatient to express his swelling joys
Unutterable. On danger's brink he stands, 510
And mocks at fear. Then springing with delight,
Plunges into the wild confusion. Terror flies
Before his dreadful front ; and in his rear
Destruction marks her bloody progress. Such,
Such was the deed thou, Cumberland, bestrod'st, 515
When black rebellion fell beneath thy hand,
Rome and her papal tyranny subdu'd,
On great Culloden's memorable field.
Such thine, unconquer'd Marlborough, when the throne
Of Lewis totter'd, and thy glittering steel 520
On Blenheim's plain immortal trophies reap'd.
And such, O prince ! great patron of my theme,
Should e'er insidious France again presume
On Europe's freedom, such, though all averse
To slaughtering war, thy country shall present 525
To bear her hero to the martial plain,
Arm'd with the sword of justice. Other cause
Ne'er shall ambition's sophistry persuade
Thine honour to espouse. Britannia's peace ;
Her sacred rights ; her just, her equal laws : 530
These, these alone, to cherish or defend,
Shall raise thy youthful arm, and wake to war,
To dreadful war, the British lion's rage.

But milder stars on thy illustrious birth
Their kindest influence shed. Beneath the smile 535
Of thy indulgence, the protected arts
Lifting their graceful heads ; her envy'd sail
Fair commerce spreading to remotest climes ;
And plenty rising from th' encourag'd plough ;
Shall feed, enrich, adorn, the happy land. 540

THE ART OF PREACHING.

IN IMITATION OF HORACE'S ART OF POETRY.

SHOULD some strange poet in his piece affect
 Pope's nervous style, with Cibber's jokes bedeck'd,
 Prink Milton's true sublime with Cowley's wit,
 And garnish Blackmore's Job with Swift's conceit,
 Would you not laugh? Trust me, that priest's as bad,
 Who in a style now grave, now raving mad, 6
 Gives the wild whims of dreaming schoolmen vent,
 Whilst drowsy congregations nod assent.
 Painters and priests, 'tis true, great licence claim,
 And by bold strokes have often rose to fame: 10
 But whales in woods, or elephants in air,
 Serve only to make fools and children stare;
 And in religion's name, if priests dispense
 Flat contradictions to all common sense,
 Though gaping bigots wonder and believe, 15
 The wise 'tis not so easy to deceive.

Some take a text sublime, and fraught with sense,
 But quickly fall into impertinence.
 On trifles eloquent, with great delight
 They flourish out on some strange mystic rite; 20
 Clear up the darkness of some useless text,
 Or make some crabbed passage more perplex'd:
 But to subdue the passions, or direct,
 And all life's moral duties they neglect.

Most preachers err, (except the wiser few) 25
 Thinking establish'd doctrines therefore true;
 Others, too fond of novelties and schemes,
 Amuse the world with airy idle dreams:
 Thus too much faith, or too presuming wit,
 Are rocks where bigots, or freethinkers split. 30

The very meanest dabbler at Whitehall
 Can rail at Papists, or poor Quakers maul;
 But when of some great truth he aims to preach,
 Alas! he finds it far beyond his reach.
 Young deacons try your strength, and strive to find, 35
 A subject suited to your turn of mind;

Method and words are easily your own,
 Or, should they fail you—steal from Tillotson.
 Much of its beauty, usefulness, and force,
 Depends on rightly timing a discourse. 40
 Before the L--ds or C-mm-ns—far from nice,
 Say boldly—Brib'ry is a dirty vice—
 But quickly check yourself—and with a sneer—
 Of which this honourable house is clear.

Great is the work, and worthy of the gown, 45
 To bring forth hidden truths, and make them known.
 Yet in all new opinions have a care,
 Truth is too strong for some weak minds to bear:
 And are new doctrines taught, or old reviv'd?
 Let them from scripture plainly be deriv'd. 50

Barclay or Baxter, wherefore do we blame
 For innovations, yet approve the same
 In Wickliffe and in Luther? Why are these
 Called wise reformers, those mad sectaries?
 'Tis most unjust: men always had a right, 55
 And ever will, to think, to speak, to write,
 Their various minds; yet sacred ought to be
 The public peace, as private liberty.

Opinions are like leaves, which every year
 Now flourish green, now fall and disappear. 60
 Once the Pope's bulls could terrify his foes,
 And kneeling princes kiss'd his sacred toes;
 Now he may damn, or curse, or what he will,
 There's not a prince in Christendom will kneel.
 Reason now reigns, and by her aid we hope 65
 Truth may revive, and sickening error droop:
 She the sole judge, the rule, the gracious light,
 Kind heaven has lent to guide our minds aright.

States to embroil, and faction to display,
 In wild harangues, Sacheverel show'd the way. 70

The fun'ral sermon, when it first began,
 Was us'd to weep the loss of some good man;
 Now any wretch, for one small piece of gold,
 Shall have fine praises from the pulpit sold:
 But whence this custom rose, who can decide? 75
 From priestly av'rice, or from human pride

Truth, moral virtue, piety, and peace,
 Are noble subjects, and the pulpit grace :
 But zeal for trifles arm'd imperious Laud,
 His power and cruelty the nation aw'd. 80

Why was he honour'd with the name of priest,
 And greatest made, unworthy to be least ?
 Whose zeal was fury, whose devotion pride,
 Power his great God, and int'rest his sole guide.

To touch the passions, let your style be plain ; 85
 The praise of virtue asks a higher strain :
 Yet sometimes the pathetic may receive
 The utmost force that eloquence can give ;
 As sometimes, in eulogiums, 'tis the art,
 With plain simplicity to win the heart. 90

'Tis not enough that what you say is true,
 To make us feel it, you must feel it too :
 Show yourself warm'd, and that will warmth impart
 To every hearer's sympathising heart.
 Does generous Foster virtue's laws enforce ? 95

All give attention to the warm discourse :
 But who a cold, dull, lifeless drawling keeps,
 One half his audience laughs, the other sleeps.

In censuring vice, be earnest and severe,
 In stating dubious points concise and clear ; 100
 Anger requires stern looks and threatening style ;
 But paint the charms of virtue with a smile.
 These different changes common sense will teach,
 And we expect them from you if you preach ;
 For should your manner differ from your theme, 105
 Or in quite different subjects be the same,
 Despis'd and laugh'd at you may travel down,
 And hide such talents in some country town.

It much concerns a preacher first to learn
 The genius of his audience, and their turn. 110
 Among the citizens be grave and slow ;
 Before the nobles let fine periods flow ;
 The Temple church asks Sherlock's sense and skill ;
 Beyond the Tower—no matter—what you will.

In facts or notions drawn from sacred writ, 115
 Be orthodox, nor cavil to show wit :

Let Adam lose a rib to gain a wife ;
 Let Noah's ark contain all things with life ;
 Let Moses work strange wonders with his rod,
 And let the sun stand still at Joshua's nod. 120
 Let Solomon be wise, and Samson strong,
 Give Saul a witch, and Balaam's ass a tongue.

But if your daring genius is so bold
 To teach new doctrines, or to censure old,
 With care proceed ; you tread a dangerous path ; 125
 Error establish'd, grows establish'd faith.

'Tis easier much, and much the safer rule,
 To teach in pulpit what you learn'd at school :
 With zeal defend whate'er the church believes,
 If you expect to thrive, or wear lawn sleeves. 130

Some loudly bluster, and consign to hell
 All who dare doubt one word or syllable
 Of what they call the faith ; and which extends
 To whims and trifles without use or ends :
 Sure 'tis much nobler, and more like divine, 135
 T' enlarge the path to heaven, than to confine :
 Insist alone on useful points or plain ;
 And know, God cannot hate a virtuous man.

If you expect or hope that we should stay
 Your whole discourse, nor strive to sink away. 140
 Some common faults there are you must avoid,
 To every age and circumstance ally'd.

A pert young student just from college brought,
 With many little pedantries is fraught :
 Reasons with syllogism, persuades with wit, 145
 Quotes scraps of Greek instead of sacred writ ;
 Or, deep immers'd in politic debate,
 Reforms the church, and guides the tottering state.

These trifles with maturer age forgot,
 Now some good benefice employs his thought ; 150
 He seeks a patron, and will soon incline
 To all his notions, civil or divine ;
 Studies his principles both night and day,
 And, as that Scripture guides, must preach and pray.
 As rice and age creep on : his reverend mind 155
 Begins to grow right reverently inclin'd.

Power and preferment still so sweetly call,
 The voice of heaven is never heard at all :
 Set but a tempting bishopric in view,
 He's strictly orthodox, and loyal too ; 160
 With equal zeal defends the church and state,
 And infidels and rebels share his hate.
 Some things are plain, we can't misunderstand,
 Some still obscure, though thousands have explain'd :
 Those influence more which reason can conceive, 165
 Than such as we through faith alone believe :
 In those we judge, in these we may deceive :
 But what too deep in mystery is thrown,
 The wisest preachers choose to let alone.
 How Adam's fault affects all human kind ; 170
 How Three is One, and One is Three combin'd ;
 How certain prescience checks not future will ;
 And why Almighty goodness suffers ill :
 Such points as these lie far too deep for man,
 Were never well explain'd, nor ever can. 175
 If pastors more than thrice five minutes preach,
 Their sleepy flocks begin to yawn and stretch.
 Never presume the name of God to bring
 As sacred sanction to a trifling thing.
 Before, or after sermon, hymns of praise 180
 Exalt the soul, and true devotion raise.
 In songs of wonder celebrate his name,
 Who spread the skies, and built the starry frame :
 Or thence descending view this globe below,
 And praise the source of every bliss we know. 185
 In ancient times, when heaven was to be prais'd,
 Our humble ancestors their voices rais'd,
 And hymns of thanks from grateful bosoms flow'd,
 For ills prevented, or for good bestow'd :
 But as the church increas'd in power and pride, 190
 The pomp of sound the want of sense supply'd ;
 Majestic organs then were taught to blow,
 And plain religion grew a raree-show :
 Strange ceremonious whims, a numerous race,
 Were introduc'd, in truth's and virtue's place. 195

Mysterious turnpikes block up heaven's highway,
And, for a ticket, we our reason pay.

These superstitions quickly introduce
Contempt, neglect, wild satire, and abuse;
Religion and its priests, by every fool 200
Were thought a jest, and turn'd to ridicule.
Some few indeed found where the medium lay,
And kept the coat* but tore the fringe away.

Of preaching well if you expect the fame,
Let truth and virtue be your first great aim. 205

Your sacred function often call to mind,
And think how great the trust, to teach mankind:
'Tis yours in useful sermons to explain,
Both what we owe to God and what to man.
'Tis yours the charms of liberty to paint, 210
His country's love in every breast to plant;
Yours every social virtue to improve,
Justice, forbearance, charity, and love;
Yours too the private virtues to augment,
Of prudence, temperance, modesty, content: 215
When such the man, how amiable the priest;
Of all mankind the worthiest and the best.

Ticklish the point, I grant, and hard to find,
To please the various tempers of mankind.
Some love you should the crabbed points explain 220
Where texts with texts a dreadful war maintain:
Some love a new, and some the beaten path,
Morals please some, and others points of faith;
But he's the man, he's the admir'd divine,
In whose discourses truth and virtue join: 225
These are the sermons which will ever live,
By these our Tonsons and our Knaptons thrive;
How such are read, and prais'd, and how they sell,
Let Barrow's, Clarke's, and Butler's sermons tell.

Preachers should either make us good or wise, 530
Him that does neither, who but must despise?
If all your rules are useful, short and plain,
We soon shall learn them, and shall long retain?

* Vide Martin in the Tale of a Tub.

But if on trifles you harangue, away
We turn our heads, and laugh at all you say. 235

But priests are men, and men are prone to err,
On common failings none should be severe :
All are not masters of the same good sense,
Nor blest with equal powers of eloquence.
'Tis true : and errors with an honest mind, 240
Will meet with easy pardon from mankind ;
But who persists in wrong with stubborn pride,
Him all must censure, many will deride:

Yet few are judges of a fine discourse,
Can see its beauties, or can feel its force ; 245
With equal pleasure some attentive sit,
To sober reasoning, and to shallow wit.
What then ? because your audience most are fools,
Will you neglect all method, and all rules ?
Or since the pulpit is a sacred place, 250
Where none dare contradict you to your face,
Will you presume to tell a thousand lies ?
If so, we may forgive, but must despise.

In jingling Bev'ridge if I chance to see
One word of sense, I prize the rarity : 255
But if in Hocker, Sprat or Tillotson,
A thought unworthy of themselves is shown,
I grieve to see it ; but 'tis no surprise,
The greatest men are not at all times wise.

Sermons like plays, some please us at the ear, 260
But never will a serious reading bear ;
Some in the closet edify enough,
That from the pulpit seem'd but sorry stuff.
'Tis thus : there are, who by ill-preaching spoil
Young's pointed sense, or Atterbury's style ; 265
Whilst others by the force of eloquence,
Make that seem fine, which scarce is common sense.

In every science, they that hope to rise,
Set great examples still before their eyes.
Young lawyers copy Murray where they can ; 270
Physicians Mead, and surgeons Cheselden ;
But all will peach, without the least pretence
To virtue, learning, art, or eloquence.

Why not? you cry: they plainly see, no doubt,
A priest may grow right-reverend without. 275

Preachers and preaching were at first design'd
For common benefit to all mankind.
Public and private virtues they explain'd,
To goodness courted, and from vice restrain'd:
Love, peace, and union breath'd in each discourse, 280
And their examples gave their precepts force.
From these good men, the priests and all their line
Were honour'd with the title of divine.

But soon their proud successors left this path,
Forsook plain morals for dark points of faith: 285
Till creeds on creeds the warring world inflam'd,
And all mankind, by different priests, were damn'd.

Some ask which is th' essential of a priest,
Virtue or learning? what they ask's a jest:
We daily see dull loads of reverend fat, 290
Without pretence to either this or that.
But who like Herring or like Hoadly shine,
Must with great learning real virtue join.

He who by preaching hopes to raise a name,
To no small excellence directs his aim. 295
On every noted preacher he must wait;
The voice, the look, the action imitate:
And when complete in style, and eloquence,
Must then crown all with learning and good sense.
But some with lazy pride disgrace the gown, 300
And never preach one sermon of their own;
'Tis easier to transcribe than to compose,
So all the week they eat, and drink, and doze.

As quacks with lying puffs the papers fill,
Or hand their own praise in a pocky bill, 305
Where empty boasts of much superior sense,
Draw from the cheated crowd their idle pence;
So the great H---nley hires for half-a-crown
A quack advertisement to tell the town
Of some strange point to be disputed on: 310
Where all who love the science of debate,
May hear themselves, or other coxcombs prate.

When dukes or noble lords a chaplain hire,
They first of his capacities inquire.

If stoutly qualify'd to drink and smoke, 315
If not too nice to hear an impious joke,
If tame enough to be the common jest,
This is a chaplain to his lordship's taste.

If bards to Pope indifferent verses show,
He is too honest not to tell them so. 320

This is obscure, he cries, and this too rough,
These trifling, or superfluous; strike them off.
How useful every word from such a friend!
But parsons are too proud, their works to mend,
And every fault with arrogance defend: 325
Think them too sacred to be criticis'd.
And rather choose to let them be despis'd.

He that is wise will not presume to laugh
At priests, or church-affairs; it is not safe.
Think there exists, and let it check your sport, 330
That dreadful monster call'd a spiritual court.
Into whose cruel jaws if once you fall,
In vain, alas! in vain for aid you call:
Clerks, proctors, priests, voracious round you ply,
Like leeches sticking, till they've suck'd you dry. 335

ON GOOD AND ILL NATURE.

TO MR. POPE.

IN virtue's cause to draw a daring pen,
Defend the good, encounter wicked men:
Freely to praise the virtues of the few,
And boldly censure the degenerate crew.
To scorn, with equal justice, to deride 5
The poor man's worth, or sooth the great one's pride;
All this was once good-nature thought, not ill;
Nay, some there are so odd to think so still.
Old-fashion'd souls! your men of modern taste,
Are with new virtue, new politeness grac'd. 10
Good-nature now has chang'd her honest face,
For smiling flattery, compliment, grimace:
Fool grins at fool, each coxcomb owns his brother,
And thieves and sharpers compliment each other.

To such extent good-nature now is spread, 15
 To be sincere is monstrously ill-bred;
 An equal brow to all is now the vogue,
 And complaisance goes round from rogue to rogue.
 If this be good—'tis gloriously true,
 The most ill-natur'd man alive is you. 20

THE CAVE OF POPE.

A PROPHECY.

WHEN dark oblivion, in her sable cloak
 Shall wrap the names of heroes and of kings;
 And their high deeds, submitting to the stroke
 Of time, shall fall amongst forgotten things:
 Then (for the muse that distant day can see) 5
 On Thames's bank the stranger shall arrive,
 With curious wish thy sacred grot to see,
 Thy sacred grot shall with thy name survive.
 Grateful posterity, from age to age,
 With pious hand the ruin shall repair: 10
 Some good old man, to each inquiring sage,
 Pointing the place, shall cry, the bard liv'd there,
 Whose song was music to the listening ear,
 Yet taught audacious vice and folly shame;
 Easy his manners, but his life severe; 15
 His word alone gave infamy or fame.
 Sequester'd from the fool and coxcomb wit,
 Beneath this silent roof the muse he found;
 'Twas here he slept inspir'd, or sat and writ,
 Here with his friends the social glass went round. 20
 With awful veneration shall they trace
 The steps which thou so long before hast trod;
 With reverend wonder view the solemn place,
 From whence thy genius soar'd to nature's God.
 Then, some small gem, or moss, or shining ore, 25
 Departing, each shall pilfer, in fond hope
 To please their friends on every distant shore,
 Boasting a relic from the Cave of Pope. 28

ON THE
DEATH OF MR. POPE.

COME, ye whose souls harmonious sounds inspire,
Friends to the muse, and judges of her song;
Who, catching from the bard his heavenly fire,
Soar as he soars, sublimely rapt along;
Mourn, mourn your loss: he's gone who had the art
With sounds to sooth the ear, with sense to warm the
heart.

Who now shall dare to lift the sacred rod,
Truth's faithful guard, where vice escapes the law?
Who now, high soaring to the throne of God,
In nature's moral cause his pen shall draw? 10
Let none pretend; he's gone, who had the art
With sounds to sooth the ear, with sense to warm the
heart.

Vice now secure her blushless front shall raise,
And all her triumph be through Britain borne;
Whose worthless sons from guilt shall purchase praise,
Nor dread the hand that pointed them to scorn; 16
No check remains; he's gone, who had the art
With sounds to sooth the ear, with sense to warm the
heart.

Ye tuneless bards now tire each venal quill,
And from the public gather idle pence; 20
Ye tasteless peers now build and plant your fill,
Though splendour borrows not one ray from sense;
Fear no rebuke; he's gone, who had the art [heart.
With sounds to sooth the ear, with sense to warm the

But come, ye chosen, ye selected few, 25
Ye next in genius, as in friendship, join'd,
The social virtues of his heart who knew,
And stated all the beauties of his mind;
Drop, drop a tear; he's gone, who had the art
With sounds to charm the ear, with sense to warm the
heart.

And, O great shade ! permit thy humblest friend
 His sigh to waft, his grateful tear to pay
 Thy honour'd memory ; and condescend
 To hear, well pleas'd, the weak, yet well-meant lay,
 Lamenting thus : he's gone, who had the art [heart.
 With sounds to sooth the ear, with sense to warm the

RELIGION.

A SIMILE.

I'M often drawn to make a stop,
 And gaze upon a picture-shop.
 There have I seen (as who that tarries
 Has not the same, a head that varies ;
 And, as in diff'rent views expos'd, 5
 A diff'rent figure is disclos'd.
 This way a fool's head is express'd,
 Whose very count'nance is a jest ;
 Such as were formerly at court,
 Kept to make wiser people sport. 10
 Turn it another way, you'll have
 A face ridiculously grave,
 Something betwixt the fool and knave.
 Again, but alter the position,
 You're frighted with the apparition : 15
 A hideous threatening Gorgon head
 Appears, enough to fright the dead.
 But place it in its proper light,
 A lovely face accosts the sight ;
 Our eyes are charm'd with ev'ry feature, 20
 We own the whole a beauteous creature.
 Thus true religion fares. For when,
 By silly or designing men,
 In false or foolish light 'tis plac'd
 'Tis made a bugbear or a jest. 25
 Here, by a set of men, 'tis thought
 A scheme, by politicians wrought,
 To strengthen and enforce the law,
 And keep the vulgar more in awe :

And these to show sublimer parts,
Cast all religion from their hearts ;
Brand all its vot'ries as the tools
Of priests, and politician's fools.

Some view it in another light,
Less wicked, but as foolish quite :
And these are such as blindly place it
In superstitions that disgrace it ;
And think the essence of it lies
In ceremonious fooleries ;

35

In points of faith and speculation,
Which tend to nothing but vexation.

40

With these it is a heinous crime
To cough or spit in sermon time :
'Tis worse to whistle on a Sunday,
Than cheat their neighbours on a Monday ;
To dine without first saying grace, is
Enough to lose in heaven their places ;
But goodness, honesty, and virtue,
Are what they've not the least regard to.

45

Others there are, and not a few,
Who place it in the bugbear view :
Think it consists in strange severities ;
In fastings, weepings, and austerities.
False notions their weak minds possess,
Of faith, and grace, and holiness :
And as the Lord's of purer eyes
Than to behold iniquities :

50

55

They think, unless they're pure and spotless,
All their endeavours will be bootless ;

And dreadful furies *in æternum*,
In unconsuming fires will burn 'em.

60

But O, how happy are the few,
Who place it in its proper view !

To these it shines divinely bright,
No clouds obscure its native light ;
Truth stamps conviction in the mind,
All doubts and fears are left behind,

65

And peace and joy at once an entrance find.

KITTY.

A PASTORAL.

BENEATH a cool shade, by the side of a stream,
Thus breath'd a fond shepherd, his Kitty his
theme :

Thy beauties comparing, my dearest, said he,
There's nothing in nature so lovely as thee.

Though distance divides us, I view thy dear face 5
And wander in transport o'er every grace ;
Now, now I behold thee, sweet-smiling and pretty,
O gods ! you've made nothing so fair as my Kitty !

Come, lovely idea, come fill my fond arms,
And whilst in soft rapture I gaze on thy charms, 10
The beautiful objects which round me arise,
Shall yield to those beauties that live in thine eyes.

Now Flora the meads and the groves does adorn,
With flowers and blossoms on every thorn ;
But look on my Kitty !—there sweetly does blow, 15
A spring of more beauties than Flora can show.

See, see how that rose there adorns the gay bush,
And proud of its colour, would vie with her blush.
Vain boaster ! thy beauties shall quickly decay,
She blushes—and see how it withers away. 20

Observe that fair lily, the pride of the vale,
In whiteness unrivall'd, now droop and look pale ;
It sickens, and changes its beautiful hue,
And bows down its head in submission to you.

The zephyrs that fan me beneath the cool shade, 25
When panting with heat on the ground I am laid,
Are less grateful and sweet than the heavenly air [dear.
That breathes from her lips when she whispers—my

I hear the gay lark, as she mounts in the skies,
How sweet are her notes ! how delightful her voice !
Go dwell in the air, little warbler, go ! 31
I have music enough while my Kitty's below.

With pleasure I watch the industrious bee,
 Extracting her sweets from each flower and tree :
 Ah fools ! thus to labour to keep you alive ; 35
 Fly, fly to her lips, and at once fill your hive.

See there, on the top of that oak, how the doves
 Sit brooding each other, and cooing their loves :
 Our loves are thus tender, thus mutual our joy,
 When folded on each other's bosom we lie. 40

It glads me to see how the pretty young lambs
 Are fondled, and cherish'd, and lov'd by their dams :
 The lambs are less pretty, my dearest, than thee ;
 Their dams are less fond, nor so tender as me.

As I gaze on the river that smoothly glides by, 45
 Thus even and sweet is her temper, I cry ;
 Thus clear is her mind, thus calm and serene,
 And virtues, like gems, at the bottom are seen.

Here various flowers still paint the gay scene,
 And as some fade and die, others bud and look green ;
 The charms of my Kitty are constant as they ; 51
 Her virtues will bloom as her beauties decay.

But in vain I compare her, her's nothing so bright ;
 And darkness approaches to hinder my sight :
 To bed I will hasten, and there all her charms,
 In softer ideas, I'll bring to my arms. 56

THE WIFE : A FRAGMENT.

THE virtues that endear and sweeten life,
 And form that soft companion, call'd a wife ;
 Demand my song. Thou who didst first inspire
 The tender theme, to thee I tune the lyre.

Hail, lovely woman ! nature's blessing, hail ! 5
 Whose charms o'er all the powers of man prevail :
 Thou healing balm of life, which bounteous heaven,
 To pour on all our woes has kindly given !
 What were mankind without thee ? or what joy,
 Like thy soft converse, can his hours employ ? 10

The dry, dull, drowsy bachelor furveys,
 Alternate, joyless nights and lonesome days :
 No tender transports wake his fullen breast,
 No soft endearments lull his cares to rest :
 Stupidly free from nature's tenderest ties, 15
 Lost in his own sad self he lives and dies.
 Not so the man, to whom indulgent heaven
 That tender bosom-friend, a wife, has given :
 Him, blest in her kind arms, no fears dismay,
 No secret checks of guilt his mind allay : 20
 No husband wrong'd, no virgin honour spoil'd,
 No anxious parent weeps his ruin'd child !
 No fell disease, no false embrace is here,
 The joys are safe, the raptures are sincere.
 Does fortune smile ? How grateful must it prove 25
 To tread life's pleasing round with one we love !
 Or does she frown ? The fair with softening art,
 Will sooth our woes, or bear a willing part.
 " But are all women of the soothing kind ?
 " In choosing wives no hazard shall we find ? 30
 " Will spleen, nor vapours, pride, nor prate molest ?
 " And is all fear of cuckoldom a jest ?"
 Grant some are bad : yet surely some remain,
 Good without show, and lovely without stain ;
 Warm without lewdness ; virtuous without pride ; 35
 Content to follow, yet with sense to guide.
 Such is Fidelia, fairest, fondest wife ;
 Observe the picture, for I draw from life.
 Near that fam'd hill, from whose enchanting brow
 Such various scenes enrich the vales below ; 40
 While gentle Thames, meandering glides along,
 Meads, flocks, and groves, and rising towers among,
 Fidelia dwelt : fair as the fairest scene
 Of smiling nature, when the sky's serene.
 Full sixteen summers had adorn'd her face, 45
 Warm'd every sense, and waken'd every grace :
 Her eye look'd sweetness, gently heav'd her breast,
 Her shape, her motion, graceful ease express'd.
 And to this fair, this finish'd form were join'd
 The softest passions, and the purest mind. 50

ROME'S PARDON:

A TALE.

" If Rome can pardon sins, as Romans hold;
 " And if those pardons may be bought and sold,
 " It were no sin t'adore and worship gold."
Rochester.

IT happen'd on a certain time,
 Two seigniors, who had spent the prime
 Of youth in every wickedness,
 Came to his Holiness to confess;
 Of which, the one had riches store,
 The other (wicked wretch) ! was poor.
 But both grown old, had now a mind
 To die in peace with all mankind ;
 And go to heaven a nearer way
 Than those who all their life-time pray :
 Which may effected be they hope,
 By buying pardon of the Pope.
 So calling fresh to mind their sins,
 The rich offender thus begins.

" Most holy farther, I have been,
 " I must confess, in many a sin.
 " All laws divine I've thought a joke ;
 " All human laws for interest broke.
 " And to increase my ill-got store,
 " Thought it no crime t' oppress the poor ;
 " To cheat the rich, betray my friends,
 " Or any thing to gain my ends.
 " But now grown old, and near to die,
 " I do repent me heartily
 " Of all my vile offences past,
 " And in particular the last,
 " By which I wickedly beguil'd
 " A dead friend's son, my guardian child,
 " Of all his dear paternal store,
 " Which was ten thousands pounds or more ;
 " Who since is starv'd to death by want,
 " And now sincerely I repent:
 " Which that your Holiness may see,
 " One half the sum I've brought with me,

“ And thus I cast it at your feet, 35
“ Dispose of it as you think meet,
“ To pious uses, or your own,
“ I hope ’twill all my faults atone.
“ Friend,” quoth the Pope, “ I’m glad to see
“ Such true repentance wrought in thee ; 40
“ But as your sins are very great,
“ You have but half repented yet :
“ Nor can your pardon be obtain’d,
“ Unless the whole which thus you’ve gain’d,
“ To pious uses be ordain’d. 45
“ All !” cry’d the man, “ I thought that half
“ Had been a pretty price enough.”
“ Nay,” quoth the Pope, “ fir, if you hum
“ And haw at parting with the sum,
“ Go, keep it, do ; and damn your soul ; 50
“ I tell you, I must have the whole.
“ ’Tis not a little thing procures
“ A pardon for such sins as yours.”
Well---rather than be doom’d to go,
To dwell with everlasting woe, 55
One would give any thing, you know :
So th’ other half was thrown down to’t,
And then he soon obtain’d his suit ;
A pardon for his sins was given,
And home he went assur’d of heaven. 60
And now the poor man bends his knee ;
“ Most holy father, pardon me,
“ A poor and humble penitent,
“ Who all my substance vilely spent.
“ In every wonton, youthful pleasure ; 65
“ But now I suffer out of measure ;
“ With dire diseases being fraught
“ And eke so poor not worth a groat.”
“ Poor ! quoth the Pope, then cease your suit,
“ Indeed you may as well be mute ; 70
“ Forbear your now too late contrition,
“ You’re in a reprobate condition.
“ What ! spend your wealth, and from the whole
“ Not save one soule to save your soul ?

“ O you’re a sinner, and a hard one,
 “ I wonder you can ask a pardon :
 “ Friend, they’re not had unless you buy ’em,
 “ You’re therefore damn’d, as sure as I am—
 “ Vicegerent to the king of heaven :
 “ No, no, such sins can’t be forgiven.
 “ I cannot save you if I would,
 “ Nor would I do it if I could.”

15

80

Home goes the man in deep despair,
 And died soon after he came there ;
 And went, ’tis said, to hell : but sure
 He was not damn’d for being poor !

85

But long he had not been below,
 Before he saw his friend come too ;

At this he was in great surprise,
 And scarcely could believe his eyes :

90

“ What friend,” said he, “ are you come too ?

“ I thought the Pope had pardon’d you.”

“ Yes,” quoth the man, “ I thought so too ;

“ But I was by the Pope trepann’d—

“ The devil could not read his hand.”

95

THE ADVICE.

DOST thou, my friend, desire to rise,
 To honour, wealth, and dignities ?

Virtue’s paths though trod by few,

With constant steps do thou pursue.

For as the coward soul admires

5

That courage which the brave inspires :

And his own quarrels to defend,

Gladly makes such a one his friend ;

So in a world which rogues infest,

How is an honest man carefs’d !

10

The villains from each other fly,

And on his virtue safe rely.

12

AN EPITAPH.

HERE lie the remains of Caroline,
 Queen consort of Great Britain,
 Whose virtues
 Her friends, when living, knew and enjoy'd ;
 Now dead, her foes confess and admire.
 Her ambition aspired to wisdom,
 And attained it ;
 To knowledge,
 And it fill'd her mind.
 Patroness of the wise,
 And a friend of the good,
 She look'd, and modest merit rais'd its head ;
 She smil'd, and weeping woe grew glad.
 Religion, plain and simple,
 Dignify'd her mind,
 Despising forms and useless pageantry.
 Morals, clear and refin'd,
 Dwelt in her heart,
 And guided all her actions.
 Virtue she lov'd, beneath her smile it flourish'd ;
 She frown'd on vice and it was put to shame.

In fine,

Her life was a public blessing ;
 Her death is an universal loss.

O reader ! if thou doubtest of these things,
 Ask the cries of the fatherless they shall tell thee,
 And the tears of the widow shall confirm their truth.

The sons of wisdom shall testify of her,
 And the daughters of virtue bear her witness ;
 The voice of the nation shall applaud her,
 And the heart of the king shall sigh her praise.

THE PETITION.

THE various suppliants which address
 Their prayers to heaven on bended knees,
 All hope alike for happiness,
 Yet each petition disagrees.
 Fancy, not judgment, constitutes their bliss ;
 The wise, no doubt, will say the same of this.

Ye gods, if you remember right,
Some eighteen years ago,
A form was made divinely bright,
And sent for us t' admire below. 10
I first distinguish'd her from all the rest,
And hope you'll therefore think my title best.

I ask not heaps of shining gold,
No, if the gods vouchsafe
My longing arms may her infold, 15
I'm rich, I'm rich enough!
Riches at best can hardly give content;
But having her, what is there I can want?

I ask not, with a pompous train
Of honours, all the world t' outbrave; 20
The title I wou'd wish to gain,
Is—' Her most fav'rite slave :'
To bow to her, a greater bliss wou'd be
Than kings and princes bowing down to me.

To rule the world with power supreme 25
Let meaner souls aspire;
To gain the sov'reignty from them
I stoop not to desire :
Give me to reign sole monarch in her breast,
Let petty princes for the world contest. 30

Let libertines, who take delight
In riot and excess,
Thus waste the day, thus spend the night,
Whilst I to joy sublimer press :
Clasp'd in her snowy arms such bliss I'd prove, 35
As never yet was found, or felt in love.

In short I ask you not to live
A tedious length of days;
Old age can little pleasure give,
When health and strength decays : 40
Let but what time I have be spent with her's,
Each moment will be worth a thousand years. 42

AN EPITHALAMIUM.

HENCE, hence all dull cares,
 All quarrels and jars,
 Ye factious disturbers of pleasure, avoid!
 Content, love, and joy,
 Shall their powers employ, 5
 To bless the glad bridegroom and beautiful bride.
 Anger shall ne'er presume
 To come within this room;
 No doubt nor anxious fear,
 Nor jealous thought shall enter here. 10
 Ill-nature, ill-manners, contention, and pride,
 Shall never, shall never the union divide.
 O the pleasing, pleasing raptures,
 Read in Hymen's nuptial chapters,
 Love commencing, 15
 Joys dispensing;
 Beauty smiling,
 Wit beguiling;
 Kindness charming,
 Fancy warming; 20
 Kissing, toying,
 Melting, dying;
 O the pleasing, pleasing raptures! 23

A LAMENTABLE CASE.

SUBMITTED TO THE BATH PHYSICIANS.

YE fam'd physicians of this place,
 Hear Strephon's and poor Chloe's case,
 Nor think that I am joking;
 When she would, he cannot comply,
 When he would drink she's not a-dry; 5
 And is not this provoking?
 At night, when Strephon comes to rest,
 Chloe receives him on her breast,
 With fondly-folding arms:
 Down, down he hangs his drooping head, 10
 Falls fast asleep, and lies as dead,
 Neglecting all her charms.

Reviving when the morn returns,
 With rising flames young Strephon burns,
 And fain, would fain be doing :
 But Chloe now, asleep, or sick,
 Has no great relish for the trick,
 And sadly baulks his wooing,

15

O cruel and disastrous case,
 When in the critical embrace
 That only one is burning !
 Dear Doctors, set this matter right,
 Give Strephon spirits over night,
 Or Chloe in the morning.

20

24

A LADY'S SALUTATION.

TO HER GARDEN IN THE COUNTRY.

WELCOME, fair scene ; welcome, thou lov'd re-
 From the vain hurry of the bustling great, [treat,
 Here let me walk, or in this fragrant bower,
 Wrap'd in calm thought improve each fleeting hour.
 My soul while nature's beauties feast mine eyes,
 To nature's God contemplative shall rise.

5

What are ye now, ye glittering, vain delights,
 Which waste our days, and rob us of our nights ?
 What your allurements ? what your fancy'd joys ?
 Dress, equipage, and show, and pomp, and noise.
 Alas ! how tasteless these, how low, how mean,
 To the calm pleasures of this rural scene ?

10

Come then ye shades, beneath your bending arms
 Enclose the fond admirer of your charms ;
 Come then ye bowers receive your joyful guest,
 Glad to retire, and in retirement blest ;
 Come, ye fair flowers, and open ev'ry sweet ;
 Come, little birds, your warbling songs repeat,
 And O descend to sweeten all the rest,
 Soft smiling peace, in white rob'd virtue drest ;
 Content unenvious, ease with freedom join'd,
 And contemplation calm, with truth refin'd :

15

20

Deign but in this fair scene with me to dwell,
All noise and nonsense, pomp and show farewell.

And see ! O see ! the heaven-born train appear !
Fix then, my heart ; thy happiness is here.

26

VERSES

On the Author's first arrival at the Leasowes, 1754.

“ **H**OW shall I fix my wandering eye ? Where find
“ The source of this enchantment ? Dwells it in
“ The woods ? or waves there not a magic wand
“ O'er the translucent waters ? Sure, unseen,
“ Some favouring power directs the happy lines
“ That sketch these beauties ; swells the rising hills,
“ And scoops the dales, to nature's finest forms,
“ Vague, undetermin'd, infinite ; untaught
“ By line or compass, yet supremely fair.”

5

So Spake Philenor, as with raptur'd gaze
He travers'd Damon's farm : From distant plains
He sought his Friend's abode ; nor had the fame
Of that new-form'd Arcadia reach'd his ear.

10

And thus the swain, as o'er each hill and dale,
Through lawn or thicket he pursu'd his way :
“ What is it gilds the verdure of these meads
“ With hues more bright than fancy paints the flowers
“ Of Paradise ? What Naiad's guiding hand
“ Leads through the broider'd vale, these lucid rills,
“ That, murmuring as they flow, bear melody
“ Along their banks ; and through the vocal shades,
“ Improve the music of the woodland choir ?
“ What pensive Dryad rais'd yon solemn grove,
“ Where minds contemplative, at close of day
“ Retiring, muse o'er nature's various works.
“ Her wonders venerate, or her sweets enjoy—
“ What room for doubt ? Some rural deity,
“ Presiding, scatters o'er th' unequal lawns,
“ In beauteous wildness, yon fair-spreading trees ;
“ And mingling woods and waters, hills and dales,
“ And herds and bleating flocks, domestic fowl,
“ And those that swim the lake, sees rising round
“ More pleasing landscapes than in Tempe's vale

15

20

25

30

“ Peneus water’d. Yes, some Sylvan god 34
“ Spreads wide the varied prospect ; waves the woods,
“ Lifts the proud hills, and clears the shining lakes ;
“ While, from the congregated waters pour’d,
“ The bursting torrent tumbles down the steep
“ In foaming fury ; fierce, irregular,
“ Wild, interrupted, cross’d with rocks and roots, 40
“ And interwoven trees : till, soon absorb’d,
“ An opening cavern all its rage entombs.
“ So vanish human glories ! such the pomp
“ Of swelling warriors, of ambitious kings,
“ Who fret and strut their hour upon the stage 45
“ Of busy life, and then are heard no more !
“ Yes, ’tis enchantment all—And see the spells,
“ The powerful incantations, magic verse,
“ Inscrib’d on every tree, alcove, or urn——
“ Spells !—Incantations ! ah, my tuneful friend ! 50
“ Thine are the numbers ! thine the wond’rous work !
“ Yes, great magician ! now I read thee right,
“ And lightly weigh all sorcery, but thine.
“ No Naiad’s leading step conducts the rill ;
“ Nor Sylvan god presiding skirts the lawn 55
“ In beauteous wildness, with fair spreading trees ;
“ Nor magic wand has circumscrib’d the scene,
“ ’Tis thine own taste, thy genius that presides,
“ Nor needs there other deity, nor needs 59
“ More potent spells than they.”—No more the swain,
For lo, his Damon, o’er the tufted lawn
Advancing, leads him to the social dome. 62



EPISTLES.

AN EPISTLE TO MR. POPE.

OCCASIONED BY HIS ESSAY ON MAN.

GREAT bard! in whom united we admire,
The sage's wisdom, and the poet's fire:
In whom, at once, the great and good commend
The fine companion, and the useful friend:—

'Twas thus the muse her eager flight began, 5
Ardent to sing the poet and the man.
But truth in verse is clad too like a lie,
And you, at least, would think it flattery;
Hating the thought, I check my forward strain,
I change my style, and thus begin again. 10

As when some student first with curious eye,
Through nature's wond'rous frame attempts to pry;
His doubtful reason seeming faults surprise,
He asks if this be just? if that be wise?
Storms, tempests, earthquakes, virtue in distress, 15
And vice unpunish'd, with strange thoughts oppress:
Till thinking on, unclouded by degrees,
His mind is open'd, fair is all he sees;
Storms, tempests, earthquakes, virtue's ragged plight,
And vice's triumph, all are just and right: 20
Beauty is found, and order, and design,
And the whole scheme acknowledg'd all divine.

So when at first I view'd thy wond'rous plan,
Leading through all the winding maze of man;
Bewilder'd, weak, unable to pursue, 25
My pride would fain have laid the fault on you.
This false, that ill express'd, this thought not good,
And all was wrong which I misunderstood.
But reading more attentive, soon I found
The diction nervous, and the doctrine sound, 30
Saw man, a part of that stupendous whole,
"Whose body nature is, and God the soul."
Saw in the scale of things his middle state,
And all his pow'rs adapted just to that.
Saw reason, passion, weakness, how of use, 35
How all to good, to happiness conduce;

Saw my own weakness, thy superior power,
And still the more I read, admire the more.

This simile drawn out, I now began
To think of forming some design or plan, 40
To aid my muse, and guide her wand'ring lay,
When sudden to my mind came honest Gay,
For form or method I no more contend,
But strive to copy that ingenious friend*
Like him to catch my thoughts just as they rose— 45
And thus I caught them, laughing at thy foes.

Where are ye now——ye critics, shall I say?
Or owls who sicken at this god of day?
What! mighty scribblers, will you let him go
Uncensur'd, unabus'd, unhonour'd so? 50
Step forth, some great distinguish'd daring dunce,
Write but one page, you silence him at once:
Write without fear; you will, you must succeed;
He cannot answer——for he will not read.
Here paus'd the muse—alas! the jade is bit, 55
She fain would copy Gay, but wants his wit.
She paus'd, indeed—broke off, as he had done,
Wrote four unmeaning lines, and then went on.

Ye wits and fools, ye libertines and saints,
Come pour upon the foe your joint complaints. 60
First, you who oft, with wisdom too refin'd,
Can censure and direct th' Eternal Mind,
Ingenious wits, who modestly pretend
This bungling frame, the universe, to mend;
How can you bear, in your great reason's spight, 65
To hear him prove, "Whatever is, is right?"
Alas! how easy to confute the song!
If all is right, how came your heads so wrong?

And come, ye solemn fools, a numerous band,
Who read, and read, but never understand, 70
Pronounce it nonsense—Can't you prove it too?
Good faith, my friends, it may be so—to you.

Come, too, ye libertines, who lust for power,
Or wealth, or fame, or greatness, or a whore;

* In his first epistle.

All who true sensual happiness adhere to, 75
 And laugh him out of his old-fashion'd virtue;
 Virtue, where he has whimsically plac'd
 Your only bliss—How odd is some men's taste!

And come, ye rigid saints, with looks demure,
 Who boast yourselves right holy, just, and pure; 80
 Come, and with pious zeal the lines decry,
 Which give your proud hypocrisy the lie:
 Which own the best have failings, not a few!
 And prove the worst, sometimes, as good as you.

What, shall he taint such perfect souls with ill? 85
 Shall fots not place their bliss in what they will?
 Nor fools be fools? nor wits sublime descend
 In charity to heaven its works to mend!
 Laughs he at these?—'tis monstrous. To be plain,
 I'd have ye write—he can but laugh again. 90

Here lifting up my head, surpris'd I see
 Close at my elbow, flattering vanity.
 From her soft whispers soon I found it came,
 That I suppos'd myself not one of them.
 Alas! how easily ourselves we sooth! 95
 I fear in justice he must laugh at both.

For vanity abash'd, up to my ear
 Steps honest truth, and these sharp words I hear;
 “Forbear, vain bard, like them forbear thy lays;
 “Alike to Pope such censure and such praise, 100
 “Nor that can sink, nor this exalt his name,
 “Who owes to virtue and himself his fame.” 102

MODERN REASONING.

AN EPISTLE.

WHENCE comes it L——, that ev'ry fool
 In reason's spite, in spite of ridicule,
 Fondly his own wild whims for truth maintains,
 And all the blind deluded world disdains,
 Himself the only person blest with sight, 5
 And his opinion the great rule of right?

'Tis strange from folly this conceit should rise,
 That want of sense should make us think we're wise:

Yet so it is. The most egregious elf
 Thinks none so wise or witty as himself. 10
 Who nothing knows, will all things comprehend;
 And who can least confute, will most contend.

I love the man, I love him from my soul,
 Whom neither weakness blinds, nor whims control;
 With learning blest, with solid reason fraught, 15
 Who slowly thinks, and ponders every thought:
 Yet conscious to himself how apt to err,
 Suggests his notions with a modest fear:
 Hears every reason, every passion hides,
 Debates with calmness, and with care decides; 20
 More pleas'd to learn, than eager to confute,
 Not victory, but truth, his sole pursuit.

But these are very rare. How happy he
 Who tastes such converse, L——, with thee!
 Each social hour is spent in joys sublime, 25
 Whilst hand in hand o'er learning's Alps you climb,
 Through reason's paths in search of truth proceed,
 And clear the flow'ry way from every weed!
 Till from her ancient cavern rais'd to light,
 The beauteous stranger stands reveal'd to sight. 30

How far from this the furious noisy crew,
 Who, what they once assert, with zeal pursue?
 Their greater right infer from louder tongues;
 And strength of argument from strength of lungs,
 Instead of sense who stun your ears with sound, 35
 And think they conquer, when they but confound.
 Taurus, a bellowing champion, storms and swears,
 And drives his argument though both your ears;
 And whether truth or falsehood, right or wrong,
 'Tis still maintain'd, and prov'd by dint of tongue.
 In all disputes he bravely wins the day, 41
 No wonder—for he hears not what you say.

But though to tire the ear's sufficient curse,
 To tire one's patience is a plague still worse.
 Plato, a former sage, debates with care, 45
 A strong opponent, take him up who dare.
 His words are grave, deliberate, and cool.
 He looks so wise—'tis pity he's a fool.

If he asserts, though what no man can doubt,
 He'll bring ten thousand proofs to make it out. 50
 This, this, and this—is so, and so, and so ;
 And therefore, therefore—that, and that, you know,
 Circles no angles have ; a square has four :
 A square's no circle therefore—to be sure.
 The sum of Plato's wond'rous wisdom is, 55
 This is not that, and, therefore, that not this.

Oppos'd to him, but much the greater dunce,
 Is he who throws all knowledge off at once.
 The first for every trifle will contend ;
 But this has no opinions to defend. 60
 In fire no heat, no sweetness in the rose ;
 The man's impos'd on by his very nose ;
 Nor light nor colour charms his doubting eye,
 The world's a dream, and all his senses lie.
 He thinks, yet doubts if he's possess'd of thought ; 65
 Nay, even doubts his very power to doubt.
 Ask him if he's a man, or beast, or bird,
 He cannot tell, upon his honest word.
 'Tis strange so plain a point's so hard to prove ;
 I'll tell you what you are—a fool, by Jove. 70

Another class of disputants there are,
 More num'rous than the doubting tribe by far.
 These are your wanderers, who from the point
 Run wild in loose harangues, all out of joint.
 Vagarious, and confute him if you can, 75
 Will hold debate with any mortal man,
 He roves from Genesis to Revelations,
 And quite confounds you with divine quotations,
 Should you affirm that Adam knew his wife,
 And by that knowledge lost the tree of life ; 80
 He contradicts you, and, in half an hour,
 Most plainly proves—Pope Joan, the scarlet whore.
 Nor head nor tail his argument affords,
 A jumbling, incoherent mass of words ;
 Most of them true, but so together tost, 85
 Without connection, that their sense is lost.

But, leaving these to rove, and those to doubt,
 Another clan alarms us ; face about :

See, arm'd with grave authority, they come,
And with great names and numbers strike us dumb. 90
With these an error ven'erable appears,

For having been believ'd three thousand years.

Reason, nay common sense, to names must fall,

And strength of argument's no strength at all.

But on, my muse, though multitudes oppose us, 95

Alas! truth is not prov'd by counting noses:

Nor fear, though ancient sages are subjoin'd;

A lie's a lie, though told by all mankind.

'Tis true, I love the ancients—but what then?

Plato and Aristotle were but men. 100

I grant 'em wise—the wisest disagree,

And therefore no sufficient guides for me.

An error, though by half the world espous'd,

Is still an error, and may be oppos'd; 104

And truth, though much from mortal eyes conceal'd,

Is still the truth, and may be more reveal'd.

How foolish then will look your mighty wife,

Should half their *ipse dixits* prove plain lies!

But on, my muse, another tribe demands

Thy censure yet: nor should they 'scape thy hands,

These are the passionate, who in dispute 111

Demand submission, monarchs absolute.

Sole judges in their own conceit, of wit,

They damn all those for fools that won't submit,

Sir Testy (thwart Sir Testy if you dare) 115

Swears there's inhabitants in every star.

If you presume to say this mayn't be true,

You lie, Sir, you're a fool and blockhead too.

What he asserts, if any disbelieve,

How folks can be so dull he can't conceive. 120

He knows he's right; he knows his judgment's clear;

But men are so perverse they will not hear.

With him, Swift treads a dull trite beaten way;

In Young no wit, no humour smiles in Gay.

Nor truth nor virtue, Pope, adorns thy page, 125

And Thomson's liberty corrupts the age.

This to deny, if any dare presume,

Fool, coxcomb, sot, and puppy fill the room.

Hillario, who full well this humour knows,
 Resolv'd one day his tolly to expose, 130
 Kindly invites him with some friends to dine,
 And entertains 'em with a roast sirloin :
 Of this he knew Sir Testy could not eat,
 And purposely prepar'd it for his treat.
 The rest begin—" Sir Testy pray fall to— 135
 " You love roast beef, Sir, come—I know you do."
 " Excuse me, Sir, 'tis what I never eat."
 " How, Sir ! not love roast beef ! the king of meat !"
 " 'Tis true indeed."—" Indeed it is not true ;
 " I love it, Sir, and you must love it too. 140
 " I can't upon my word."—" Then you're a fool,
 " And don't know what's good eating, by my soul.
 " Not love roast beef !—come, come, sirs, fill his plate,
 " I'll make him love it—Sir, G—d d—ye, eat."
 Sir Testy, finding what it was they meant,
 Rose in a passion, and away he went. 146

AN EPISTLE TO STEPHEN DUCK.

AT HIS FIRST COMING TO COURT.

FORGIVE me, Duck, that such a muse as mine,
 Brings her weak aid to the support of thine ;
 In lines, which if the world should chance to see,
 They'd find I pleaded for myself—in thee.
 Yet some indulgence sure they ought to show 5
 An infant poet, and unlearn'd as you ;
 Unskill'd in art, unexercis'd to sing ;
 I've just but tasted the Pierian spring :
 But though my stock of learning yet is low ;
 Though yet my numbers don't harmonious flow ; 10
 I fain would hope it won't be always so.
 The morning sun emits a stronger ray,
 Still as he rises tow'rs meridian day ,
 Large hills at first obstruct the oblique beam,
 And dark'ning shadows shoot along the gleam ; 15
 Impending mists yet hover in the air,
 And distant objects undistinct appear.
 But, as he rises in the eastern sky,
 The shadows shrink, the conquer'd vapours fly,

Objects their proper forms and colours gain 20
In all her various beauties shines the enlighten'd plain.

So when the dawn of thought peeps out in man,
Mountains of ign'rance shade at first his brain;
A gleam of reason by degrees appears,
Which brightens and increases with his years; 25
And as the rays of thought gain strength in youth,
Dark mists of error melt and brighten into truth.

Thus asking ign'rance will to knowledge grow;
Conceited fools alone continue so.

On then, my friend, nor doubt but that in time 30
Our tender muses, learning how to climb,
May reach perfection's top, and grow sublime.
The Iliad scarce was Homer's first essay;
Virgil wrote not his *Æneid* in a day:

Nor is't impossible a time might be, 35
When Pope and Prior wrote like you and me.

'Tis true, more learning might their works adorn,
They wrote not from a pantry, nor a barn:

Yet they, as well as we, by slow degrees
Must reach perfection, and to write with ease. 40

Have you not seen? Yes, oft you must have seen
When vernal suns adorn the woods with green,

And genial warmth, enkindling wanton love,
Fills with a various progeny the grove,

The tim'rous young, just ventur'd from the nest, 45
First in low bushes hop, and often rest;

From twig to twig, their tender wings they try,
Yet only flutter when they seem to fly.

But as their strength and feathers more increase,
Short flights they take, and fly with greater ease: 50

Experienc'd soon, they boldly venture higher,
Forfake the hedge, to lofty trees aspire?

Transported thence, with strong and steady wing,
They mount the skies, and soar aloft, and sing.

So you and I, just naked from the shell 55
In chirping notes our future singing tell;
Unfeather'd yet, in judgment, thought, or skill,
Hop round the basis of Parnassus' hill:

Our flights are low, and want of art and strength,
 Forbids to carry us to the wish'd-for length. 60
 But fledg'd, and cherish'd with a kindly spring,
 We'll mount the summit, and melodious sing. 62

TO RICHES.

Humbly inscribed to the Right Hon. —

TO succour all whom grief or care opprest,
 To raise neglected merit from distress,
 The dying arts t' encourage and revive,
 And independent of mankind to live;
 This, this is riches' grand prerogative. 5
 These all the wise and good with joy pursue,
 And thousands feel, and bless their power in you.
 But stay, my muse, nor rashly urge thy theme,
 Examine well thy candidates for fame;
 Thy verse is praise. Consider—very few 10
 Can justly say one single line's their due:
 Scorn thou with generous freedom to record,
 Without his just credentials, duke or lord:
 An honest line prefer to a polite,
 So shall thy praise no conscious blush excite. 15
 But as to paint a lovely female face,
 With every charm adorn'd, and every grace,
 Requires a finer hand, and greater care,
 Than the rough features of a H——r;
 So praise than satire asks a nicer touch; 20
 But finish'd well, there's nothing charms so much.
 A shining character, when drawn with art,
 Like beauty, whilst it pleases, wins the heart.
 Mecænas first the noble list shall grace,
 Learning's great patron merits the first place. 25
 O dear to every muse! to every art!
 Virtue's chief friend! supporter of desert!
 Is there a man, though poor, despis'd, opprest,
 Yet whose superior genius shines confest.
 Whether the useful arts his soul inspire, 30
 Or the politer muse's sacred fire,
 Learning and arts t' encourage and extend
 In thee he finds a patron and a friend.

Wealth thus bestow'd, returns in lasting fame,
A grateful tribute to the donor's name. 35

Next him from whom true virtue meets reward,
Is he who shows to want a kind regard.
Carus, though blest with plenty, ease, and health,
His every want supply'd from boundless wealth,
Yet feels humanity : his soul o'erflows 40
To see, or hear, or think on others woes.

Is there a wretch with pinching want oppress'd ?

His pain, till eas'd, is felt in Carus' breast.

Does any languish under dire disease ?

Carus prescribes, or pays the doctor's fees. 45

Has sad misfortune fatal ruin thrown,

And some expiring family undone ?

Carus repairs, and makes the loss his own.

To hear the widow's or the orphan's cries,

His soul in pity melts into his eyes : 50

O manly tenderness ! good-natur'd grief,

To feel, to sympathise, and give relief.

Sure gods are Carus' debtors. Gold thus given,
Lies out at interest in the bank of heaven.

"But where's the advantage then," will Corvus say,
"If wealth is only lent to give away ?" 56

Corvus, were that the sole prerogative,

How great, how godlike is the pow'r to give !

Thou canst not feel it : True, 'tis too divine

For such a selfish narrow soul as thine. 60

Comes is rich, belov'd by all mankind,

To cheerful hospitality inclin'd ;

His ponds with fish, with fowl his woods are stor'd,

Inviting plenty smiles upon his board :

Easy and free, his friends his fortune share, 65

E'en travelling strangers find a welcome there ;

Neighbours, domestics, all enjoy their parts,

He in return possesses all their hearts.

Who, foolish Corvus, who but thee will say,
That Comes idly throws his wealth away ? 70

Is then the noble privilege to give,

The sole advantage we from wealth receive !

Whilst other's wants or merits we supply,
Have we ourselves no title to enjoy?

Doubtleſs you have. A thouſand different ways 75

Wealth may be ſelf-enjoy'd, and all with praiſe.

Whom truth and reaſon guides, or genius fires,

Never need fear indulging his deſires.

But ſhould pretending coxcombs, from this rule,

Plead equal privilege to play the fool? 80

The muſe forbids. She only gives to ſenſe

The dangerous province to contrive expence.

Marcus in ſumptuous buildings takes delight,

His houſe, his gardens charm the raviſh'd ſight:

With beauty uſe, with grandeur neatneſs joins, 85

And order with magnificence combines.

'Tis coſtly: true, but who can blame th' expence

“Where ſplendour borrows all her rays from ſenſe?”

Sylvio retirement loves; ſmooth cryſtal floods,

Green meadows, hills and dales, and verdant woods

Delight his eye; the warbling birds to hear, 91

With rapture fills his ſoul, and charms his ear.

In ſhady walks, in groves, in ſecret bowers,

Plann'd by himſelf he ſpends the peaceful hours:

Here ſerious thought purſues her thread ſerene, 95

No interrupting follies intervene;

Propitious ſilence aids th' attentive mind,

The God of nature in his works to find.

If this t' enjoy affords him moſt delight,

Who ſays that Sylvio is not in the right? 100

Publius in curious paintings wealth conſumes,

The beſt, the fineſt hands adorn his rooms;

Various deſigns, from each enliven'd wall,

Meet the pleas'd eyes, and ſomething charms in all.

Here well-drawn landſkips to the mind convey 105

A ſmiling country, or a ſtormy ſea;

Towns, houſes, trees, diverſify the plain,

And ſhips in danger fright us from the main.

There the paſt actions of illuſtrious men,

In ſtrong deſcription charm the world again: 110

Love, anger, grief, in different ſcenes are wrought,

All its juſt paſſions animates the draught.

But see new charms break in a flood of day,
 See loves and graces on the canvas play :
 Beauty's imagin'd smiles our bosom warm, 115
 And light and shade retains the power to charm.

Who censures Publius, or condemns his cost,
 Must wish the noble art of painting lost.

Whilst Publius thus his taste in painting shows,
 Critus admires her sister art, the muse. 120

Homer and Virgil, Horace and Boileau
 Teach in his breast poetic warmth to glow.
 From these instructed, and from these inspir'd,
 Critus for taste and judgment is admir'd.

Poets before him lay the work of years, 125
 And from his sentence draw their hopes and fears.

Hail, judge impartial ! noble critic hail !
 In this thy day, good writing must prevail :
 Our bards from you will hence be what they should,
 Please and improve us, makes us wise and good. 130

Thus blest'd with wealth, his genius each pursues,
 In building, planting, painting, or the muse.
 O envy'd power !—But you'll object, and say
 How few employ it in this envy'd way ?

With all his heaps did Chremes e'er do good ? 135
 No : but they give him power, if once he would :

'Tis not in riches to create the will,
 Misers, in spite of wealth, are misers still.

It is for gold the lawless villain spoils !
 'Tis for the same the honest lab'rer toils. 140

Does wealth to sloth, to luxury pervert ?

Wealth too excites to industry, to art :

Many, no doubt, through power of wealth oppress,
 But some, whom heaven reward, delight to bless !

Then blame not gold that men are proud or vain, 145
 Slothful or covetous ; but blame the man.

When right affections rule a generous heart,
 Gold may refine, but seldom will pervert. 148

ODES.

MELPOMENE:

OR THE

REGIONS OF TERROR AND PITY.

AN ODE.

QUEEN of the human heart! at whose command
The swelling tides of mighty passion rise;
Melpomene, support my vent'rous hand,
And aid thy suppliant in his bold emprise;
From the gay scenes of pride
Do thou his footsteps guide
To nature's awful courts, where nurs'd of yore,
Young Shakspeare, Fancy's child, was taught his va-
rious lore.

So may his favour'd eye explore the source,
To few reveal'd, whence human sorrows charm: 10
So may his numbers, with pathetic force,
Bid terror shake us or compassion warm,
As different strains control
The movements of the soul;
Adjust its passions, harmonize its tone; 15
To feel for other's woe, or nobly bear its own.

Deep in the covert of a shadowy grove,
'Mid broken rocks, where dashing currents play;
Dear to the pensive pleasures, dear to love,
And Damon's muse, that breathes her melting lay, 20
This ardent prayer was made:
When, lo! the secret shade,
As conscious of some heavenly presence, shook, [fook.
Strength, firmness, reason, all—my astonish'd soul for-

Ah! whither goddess! whither am I borne? 25
To what wild region's necromantic shore,
These panics whence? and why my bosom torn
With sudden terrors never felt before?
Darkness enwraps me round,
While from the vast profound. 30

Emerging spectres dreadful shapes assume,
And gleaming on my sight, add horror to the gloom.

Ha! what is he whose fierce indignant eye,
Denouncing vengeance, kindles into flame?
Whose boisterous fury blows a storm so high 35
As with its thunder shakes his labouring frame.
What can such rage provoke?
His words their passage choke:
His eager steps nor time nor truce allow,
And dreadful dangers wait the menace of his brow. 40

Protect me, goddess! whence that fearful shriek
Of consternation? as grim death had laid
His icy fingers on some guilty cheek,
And all the powers of manhood shrunk dismay'd:
Ah, see! besmeared with gore, 45
Revenge stands threatening o'er
A pale delinquent, whose retorted eyes
In vain for pity call—the wretched victim dies.

Not long the space—abandon'd to despair,
With eyes aghast, or hopeless fix'd on earth, 50
This slave of passion rends his scatter'd hair,
Beats his sad breast, and execrates his birth:
While torn within, he feels
The pangs of whips and wheels;
And sees, or fancies, all the fiends below 55
Beckoning his frightened soul to realms of endless woe.

Before my wondering sense new phantoms dance,
And stamp their horrid shapes upon my brain—
A wretch with jealous brow, and eyes askance,
Feeds all in secret on his bosom pain. 60

Fond love, fierce hate assail;
Alternate they prevail:
While conscious pride and shame with rage conspire,
And urge the latent spark to flames of torturing fire.

The storm proceeds—his changeful visage trace: 65
From rage to madness every feature breaks.

A growing frenzy grins upon his face,
 And in his frightful stare distraction speaks.
 His straw-invested head
 Proclaims all reason fled ;
 And not a tear bedews those vacant eyes— [fighs. 70
 But songs and shouts succeed, and laughter-mingled
 Yet, yet again !—a murderer's hand appears
 Grasping a pointed dagger stain'd with blood !
 His look malignant chills with boding fears, 75
 That check the current of life's ebbing flood.
 In midnight's darkest clouds
 The dreary miscreant shrouds
 His felon step—as 'twere to darkness given
 To dim the watchful eye of all-pervading heaven. 80
 And hark ! ah mercy ! whence that hollow sound ?
 Why with strange horror starts my bristling hair ?
 Earth opens wide, and from unhallow'd ground
 A pallid ghost slow-rising steals on air.
 To where a mangled corse 85
 Expos'd without remorse
 Lies shroudless, unentomb'd, he points the way—
 Points to the prowling wolf exultant o'er his prey.
 “ Was it for this,” he cries, “ with kindly shower
 “ Of daily gifts the traitor I carefs'd ? 90
 “ For this, array'd him in the robe of power,
 “ And lodg'd my royal secrets in his breast ?
 “ O kindness ill-repay'd !
 “ To bare the murdering blade
 “ Against my life !—may heaven his guilt explore, 95
 “ And to my suffering race their splendid rights restore.”
 He said, and stalk'd away—Ah goddess ! cease
 Thus with terrific forms to rack my brain ;
 These horrid phantoms shake the throne of peace,
 And reason calls her boasted powers in vain : 100
 Then change thy magic wand,
 Thy dreadful troops disband,
 And gentler shapes, and softer scenes disclose,
 To melt the feeling heart, yet sooth its tenderest woes.

The fervent prayer was heard.—With hideous sound,
 Her ebon gates of darkness open flew ; 106
 A downing twilight cheers the dread profound ;
 The train of terror vanishes from view.

More mild enchantments rise ;
 New scenes salute my eyes, 110
 Groves, fountains, bowers and temples grace the plain,
 And turtles coo around, and nightingales complain.

And every myrtle bower and cypress grove,
 And every solemn temple teems with life ;
 Here glows the scene with fond but hapless love, 115
 There, with the deeper woes of humar strife
 In groups around the lawn,
 By fresh disasters drawn,
 The sad spectators seem transfix'd in woe ;
 And pitying sighs are heard, and heart-felt sorrows flow.

Behold that beauteous maid ! her languid head 121
 Bends like a drooping lily charg'd with rain :
 With floods of tears she bathes a lover dead,
 In brave assertion of her honour slain.

Her bosom heaves with sighs ; 125
 To heaven she lifts her eyes,
 With grief beyond the power of words oppress'd,
 Sinks on the lifeless corse, and dies upon his breast.

How strong the bands of friendship ? yet, alas !
 Behind yon mouldering tower, with ivy crown'd, 130
 Of two, the foremost in her sacred class,
 One, from his friend, receives the fatal wound !
 What could such fury move !
 Ah what, but ill-star'd love !
 The same fair object each fond heart enthralls, 135
 And he, the favour'd youth, her hapless victim falls.

Can ought so deeply sway the generous mind
 To mutual truth, as female trust in love ?
 Then, what relief shall yon fair mourner find,
 Scorn'd by the man who should her plaints remove ?
 By fair, but false pretence, 141
 She lost her innocence ;

And that sweet babe, the fruit of treacherous art,
Clasp'd in her arms expires, and breaks the parent's
heart.

Ah! who to pomp or grandeur would aspire? 145
Kings are not rais'd above misfortune's frown:
That form so graceful e'en in mean attire,
Sway'd once a sceptre, once sustain'd a crown.
From filial rage and strife,
To screen his closing life, 150
He quits his throne, a father's sorrow feels,
And in the lap of want his patient head conceals.

More yet remain'd—but lo! the pensive queen
Appears confest before my dazzled sight,
Grace in her steps, and softness in her mien, 155
The face of sorrow mingled with delight.
Not such her nobler frame,
When kindling into flame,
And bold in virtue's cause, her zeal aspires
To waken guilty pangs, or breathe heroic fires. 160

Aw'd into silence, my rapt soul attends—
The power, with eyes complacent, saw my fear;
And, as with grace ineffable she bends,
These accents vibrate on my listening ear.
“Aspiring son of art, 165
“Know, though thy feeling heart
“Glow with these wonders to thy fancy shown;
“Still may the Delian god thy powerless toils disown.
“A thousand tender scenes of soft distress
“May swell thy breast with sympathetic woes! 170
“A thousand such dread forms on fancy press,
“As from my dreary realms of darkness rose;
“Whence Shakspeare's chilling fears,
“Whence Otway's melting tears—
“That awful gloom, this melancholy plain, 175
“The types of every theme that suits the tragic strain.
“But dost thou worship nature night and morn,
“And all due honour to her precepts pay?

“ Canst thou the lure of affectation scorn,
 “ Pleas’d in the simpler paths of truth to stay? 180
 “ Hast thou the graces fair
 “ Invok’d with ardent prayer?
 “ ’Tis they attire, as nature must impart,
 “ The sentiments sublime, the language of the heart.
 “ Then, if creative genius pour his ray, 185
 “ Warm with the inspiring influence on thy breast;
 “ Taste, judgment, fancy, if thou canst display,
 “ And the deep source of passion stand confest:
 “ Then may the listening train,
 “ Affected, feel thy strain; 190
 “ Feel grief or terror, rage or pity move;
 “ Change with the varying scenes, and every scene
 approve.”

Humbled before her sight, and bending low,
 I kiss’d the borders of her crimson vest;
 Eager to speak, I felt my bosom glow, 195
 But fear upon my lip her seal imprest.
 While awe-struck thus I stood,
 The bowers, the lawn, the wood,
 The form celestial, fading on my sight,
 Dissolv’d in liquid air, and fleeting gleams of light.

PAIN AND PATIENCE.

AN ODE.

TO scourge the riot and intemperate lust,
 Or check the self-sufficient pride of man
 Offended Heaven set forth, in vengeance just,
 The dire inexorable fury, pain;
 Beneath whose griping hand, when she assails, 5
 The firmest spirits sink, the strongest reasoning fails.

Near to the confines of th’ infernal den,
 Deep in a hollow cave’s profound recess,
 Her courts she holds; and to the sons of men
 Sends out the ministers of dire distress: 10
 Repentance, shame, despair, each acts her part,
 Whets the vindictive steel, and aggravates the smart.

He, whose luxurious palate daily rag'd
Earth, air, and ocean, to supply his board ;
And to high-relish'd poisons madly chang'd 15
The wholesome gifts of nature's bounteous lord :
Shall find sick nauseous surfeit taint his blood ;
And his abus'd pall'd stomach lothe the daintiest food.

The midnight reveller's intemperate bowl,
To rage and riot fires his furious brain ; 20
Remorse ensues, and agony of soul,
His future life condemn'd to ceaseless pain :
Gout; fever, stone, to madness heighten grief,
And temperance, call'd too late, affords him no relief ;

He whose hot blood excites to dangerous joy, 25
And headlong drives to seek the lewd embrace,
Startled at length, shall in his face descry
The mark indelible of foul disgrace :
Ulcers obscene corrode his aching bones ;
And his high raptures change to deep-felt sighs and
groans. 30

The wild extravagant, whose thoughtless hand,
With lavish tasteless pride, commits expence,
Ruin'd, perceives his waining age demand
Sad reparation for his youth's offence :
Upbraiding riot points to follies past, 35
Presenting hollow want, fit successor to waste.

He too, whose high presuming health defies
Th' almighty hand of heaven to pull him down ;
Who flights the care and caution of the wise,
Nor fears hot summer's rage, nor winter's frown : 40
Some trifling ail shall seize this mighty man,
Blast all his boasted strength, rack every nerve with pain.

Thus nature's God inflicts, by nature's law,
On every crime its proper punishment ;
Creating pain to keep mankind in awe, 45
And moral ills by physical prevent :
In wrath still gracious ; claiming still our praise,
E'en in those very groans our chastisements shall raise.

But lest the feeble heart of suffering man
 Too low should sink beneath the keen distress ; 50
 Lest fell despair, in league with cruel pain,
 Should drive him desperate in their wild excess ;
 Kind Hope her daughter Patience sent from high,
 To ease the labouring breast, and wipe the trickling eye,

Hail, mild divinity ! calm Patience, hail ! 55
 Soft-handed, meek-ey'd maid, yet whose firm breath,
 And strong persuasive eloquence prevail
 Against the rage of pain, the fear of death :
 Come, lenient beauty, spread thy healing wing,
 And smooth my restless couch, whilst I thy praises sing,

In all this toilsome round of weary life, 61
 Where dullness teazes or pert noise assails ;
 Where trifling follies end in serious strife,
 And money purchases where merit fails ;
 What honest spirit would not rise in rage, 65
 If patience lent not aid his passion to assuage ?

No state of life but must to patience bow :
 The tradesman must have patience for his bill ;
 He must have patience who to law will go ;
 And, should he lose his right, more patience still ; 70
 Yea, to prevent or heal full many a strife, [wife.
 How oft, how long must man have patience with his

But heaven grant patience to the wretched wight,
 Whom pills, and draughts, and bolusses assail !
 Which he must swallow down with all his might ; 75
 E'en then, when health, and strength, and spirits fail.
 Dear doctors find some gentler ways to kill ;
 Lighten this load of drugs, contract yon length of bill.

When the dull, prating, loud, long-winded dame,
 Her tedious, vague, unmeaning tale repeats ; 80
 Perplex'd and wandering round and round her theme,
 Till lost and puzzled she all theme forgets ;
 Yet still talks on with unabating speed ; [deed.
 Good gods ! who hears her out must patience have in-

So when some grave, deep-learned, sound divine, 85
Ascends the pulpit, and unfolds his text;
Dark and more dark grows what he would define,
And every sentence more and more perplex'd;
Yet still he blunders on the same blind course,
Teaching his weary'd hearers patience upon force. 90

Without firm patience who could ever bear
The great man's levee, watching for a smile?
Then with a whisper'd promise in his ear,
Wait its accomplishment a long, long while;
Yet through the bounds of patience if he burst, 95
Daniel's long weeks of years may be accomplish'd first.

O patience! guardian of the temper'd breast,
Against the insolence of pride and power;
Against the wit's keen sneer, the fool's dull jest;
Against the boaster's lie, told o'er and o'er; 100
To thee this tributary lay I bring,
By whose firm aid empower'd, in raging pain I sing.



SONGS.

COLIN'S KISSES.

THE TUTOR.

COME, my fairest, learn of me,
Learn to give and take the bliss;
Come, my love, here's none but we,
I'll instruct thee how to kiss.

Why turn from me that dear face?
Why that blush and downcast eye?
Come, come, meet my fond embrace,
And the mutual rapture try.

Throw thy lovely twining arms
Round my neck, or round my waist;
And whilst I devour thy charms,
Let me closely be embrac'd:
Then when soft ideas rise,
And the gay desires grow strong;
Let them sparkle in thy eyes,
Let them murmur from thy tongue.

To my breast with rapture cling,
Look with transport on my face,
Kiss me, press me, every thing
To endear the fond embrace.

Every tender name of love,
In soft whispers let me hear;
And let speaking nature prove
Every ecstasy sincere.

THE IMAGINARY KISS.

WHEN Fanny I saw as she tipt o'er the green,
Fair, blooming, soft, artless, and kind:
Fond love in her eyes, wit and sense in her mein,
And warmness with modesty join'd:
Transported with sudden amazement I stood,
Fast rivetted down to the place;
Her delicate shape, easy motion I view'd,
And wander'd o'er every grace.

Ye gods! what luxuriance of beauty, I cry,
 What raptures must dwell in her arms! 10
 On her lips I could feast, on her breast I could die,
 O Fanny! how sweet are thy charms!
 Whilst thus in idea my passion I fed,
 Soft transport my senses invade,
 Young Damon stepp'd up, with the substance he fled.
 And left me to kiss the dear shade. 16

THE FEAST.

POLLY, when your lips you join,
 Lovely ruby lips to mine;
 To the bee the flow'ry field
 Such a banquet does not yield;
 Not the dewy morning rose 5
 So much sweetness does enclose;
 Not the gods such nectar sip,
 As Colin from thy balmy lip:
 Kiss me then, with rapture kiss,
 We'll surpass the gods in bliss. 10

THE STOLEN KISS.

ON a mossy bank reclin'd,
 Beauteous Chloe lay reposing,
 O'er her breast each am'rous wind
 Wanton play'd, its sweets disclosing:
 Tempted with the swelling charms, 5
 Colin, happy swain, drew nigh her,
 Softly stole into her arms,
 Laid his scrip and sheep-hook by her.

O'er her downy panting breast
 His delighted fingers roving; 10
 To her lips his lips he prest,
 In the ecstasy of loving;
 Chloe waken'd with his kiss,
 Pleas'd, yet frowning to conceal it,
 Cry'd, true lovers share the bliss?
 Why then, Colin, would you steal it? 16

THE MEETING KISS.

LET me fly into thy arms :
 Let me taste again thy charms ;
 Kifs me, prefs me, to thy breast,
 In raptures not to be exprest.

Let me clasp thy lovely waist ;
 Throw thy arms around my neck ;
 Thus embracing and embrac'd,
 Nothing shall our raptures check.

Hearts with mutual pleasure glowing ;
 Lips with lips together growing ;
 Eyes with tears of gladness flowing ;
 Eyes, and lips, and hearts shall show,
 Th' excess of joy that meeting lovers know.

THE PARTING KISS.

ONE kind kifs before we part,
 Drop a tear and bid adieu :
 Though we sever, my fond heart
 Till we meet shall pant with you.
 Yet, yet weep not so, my love,
 Let me kifs that falling tear,
 Though my body must remove,
 All my soul will still be here.
 All my soul, and all my heart,
 And every wish shall pant for you ;
 One kind kifs then ere we part,
 Drop a tear and bid adieu.

THE BORROWED KISS.

SEE I languish, see I faint,
 I must borrow, beg, or steal ;
 Can you see a soul in want,
 And no kind compassion feel ?
 Give, or lend, or let me take,
 One sweet kifs, I ask no more ;
 One sweet kifs, for pity's sake,
 'll repay it o'er and o'er.

Chloe heard, and with a smile,
 Kind compassionate and sweet, 10
 Colin, 'tis a sin to steal,
 And for me to give's not meet:
 But I'll lend a kiss or twain,
 To poor Colin in distress;
 Not that I'd be paid again,
 Colin, I mean nothing less. 16

THE KISS REPAID.

CHLOE, by that borrow'd kiss,
 I, alas ! am quite undone ;
 'Twas so sweet, so fraught with bliss,
 Thousands will not pay that one.
 Lest the debt should break your heart, 5
 Roguish Chloe smiling cries,
 Come, a hundred then in part,
 For the present shall suffice. 8

THE SECRET KISS.

AT the silent evening hour,
 Two fond lovers in a bower,
 Sought their mutual bliss ;
 Though her heart was just relenting,
 Though her eyes seem'd just consenting, 5
 Yet she fear'd to kiss.
 Since this secret shade, he cry'd,
 Will those rosy blushes hide,
 Why will you resist ?
 When no tell-tale spy is near us, 10
 Eye not sees, nor ear can hear us,
 Who would not be kiss'd ?
 Molly hearing what he said,
 Blushing lifted up her head,
 Her breast soft wishes fill ; 15
 Since, she cry'd, no spy is near us,
 Eye not sees, nor hear can hear us, 18
 Kiss—or what you will.

THE RAPTURE.

WHILST on thy dear bosom lying,
 Cælia, who can speak my bliss?
 Who the raptures I'm enjoying,
 When thy balmy lips I kiss?
 Every look with love inspires me,
 Every touch my bosom warms,
 Every melting murmur fires me,
 Every joy is in thy arms.

5

Those dear eyes, how soft they languish!
 Feel my heart with rapture beat!
 Pleasure turns almost to anguish,
 When the transport is so sweet.
 Look not so divinely on me,
 Cælia, I shall die with bliss;
 Yet, yet turn those eyes upon me,
 Who'd not die a death like this?

10

16

THE RECONCILING KISS.

WHY that sadness on thy brow?
 Why that starting crystal tear?
 Dearest Polly, let me know,
 For thy grief I cannot bear.
 Polly with a sigh reply'd,
 What need I the cause impart?
 Did you not this moment chide?
 And you know it breaks my heart.

5

Colin, melting as she spoke,
 Caught the fair one in his arms:
 O my dear! that tender look,
 Every passion quite disarms:
 By this dear relenting kiss,
 I'd no anger in my thought:
 Come, my love, by this, and this,
 Let our quarrel be forgot.

10

15

As when sudden stormy rain,
 Every drooping flowret spoils;

When the sun shines out again,
 All the face of nature smiles :
 Polly, so reviv'd and cheer'd
 By her Colin's kind embrace,
 Her declining head uprear'd,
 Sweetly smiling in his face.

20

24

THE MUTUAL KISS.

CÆLIA, by those smiling graces,
 Which my panting bosom warm ;
 By the heaven of thy embraces,
 By thy wond'rous pow'r to charm ;
 By those soft bewitching glances,
 Which my inmost bosom move ;
 By those lips, whose kiss entrances,
 Thee, and thee alone I love.

5

By thy god-like art of loving,
 Cælia, with a blush, replies ;
 By thy heavenly power of moving,
 All my soul to sympathize !
 By thy eager fond caresses,
 By those arms around me thrown ;
 By that look, which truth expresses,
 My found heart is all thy own.

10

15

Thus with glowing inclination,
 They indulge the tender bliss ;
 And to bind the lasting passion,
 Seal it with a mutual kiss.

20

Close, in fond embraces, lying,
 They together seem to grow ;
 Such supreme delight enjoying,
 As true lovers only know.

24

THE PROGRESS OF LOVE.

A SONG.

BENEATH the myrtle's secret shade,
When Delia blest my eyes;
At first I view'd the lovely maid
In silent soft surprise.

With trembling voice and anxious mind
I softly whisper'd love;
She blush'd a smile so sweetly kind,
Did all my fears remove.

Her lovely yielding form I prest,
Sweet maddening kisses stole;
And soon her swimming eyes confess'd
The wishes of her soul:

In wild tumultuous bliss, I cry,
O Delia, now be kind!
She press'd me close, and with a sigh,
To melting joys resign'd.

SONG.

MAN'S a poor deluded bubble,
Wandering in a mist of lies:
Seeing false or seeing double,
Who would trust to such weak eyes?
Yet presuming on his senses,
On he goes most wond'rous wise:
Doubts of truth, believes pretences,
Lost in error, lives and dies.



EPIGRAMS.

AN EPIGRAM.

Occasioned by the word "one Prior," in the second volume of Bishop Burnet's History.

ONE Prior! and is this, this all the fame
The poet from th' historian can claim!
No; Prior's verse posterity shall quote,
When 'tis forgot one Burnet ever wrote.

4

AN EPIGRAM.

CRIES Sylvia to a reverend dean,
What reason can be given,
Since marriage is a holy thing,
That there are none in heaven?

4

There are no women he reply'd:
She quick returns the jest—
Women there are, but, I'm afraid,
They cannot find a priest.

8

THE KINGS OF EUROPE.

A JEST.

WHY pray, of late, do Europe's kings
No jester in their courts admit?
They're grown such stately solemn things,
To bear a joke they think not fit.

4

But though each court a jester lacks,
To laugh at monarchs to their face;
All mankind do behind their backs
Supply the honest jester's place.

8



CONTENTS.

	Page
Life of the Author,	3
Preface to the Poem of Agriculture,	12

MISCELLANIES.

Agriculture, Canto I.	13
————— Canto II.	25
————— Canto III.	38
The Art of Preaching. In Imitation of Horace's Art of Poetry,	53
On Good and Ill-Nature. To Mr. Pope,	61
The Cave of Pope, a Prophecy,	62
On the Death of Mr. Pope,	63
Religion, a Simile,	64
Kitty, a Pastoral,	66
The Wife, a Fragment,	67
Rome's Pardon, a Tale,	69
The Advice,	71
An Epitaph,	72
The Petition,	ib.
An Epithalamium,	74
A lamentable Case, submitted to the Bath Phy- sicians,	ib.
A Lady's Salutation to her Garden in the Country,	75
Verses on the Author's first Arrival at the Lea- fowes, 1754,	76

EPISTLES.

An Epistle to Mr. Pope, occasioned by his Essay on Man,	78
Modern Reasoning, an Epistle,	80
An Epistle to Stephen Duck, at his first coming to Court,	84
To Riches, humbly inscribed to the Right Hon.—	86

ODES.

Melpomene : or the Regions of Terror and Pity, Pain and Patience,	90
--	----

SONGS.

Colin's Kisses, The Tutor,	99
————— The Imaginary Kifs,	ib.
————— The Feast,	100
————— The Stolen Kifs,	ib.
————— The Meeting Kifs,	101
————— The Parting Kifs,	ib.
————— The Borrowed Kifs,	ib.
————— The Kifs repaid,	102
————— The Secret Kifs,	ib.
————— The Rapture,	103
————— The Reconciling Kifs,	ib.
————— The Mutual Kifs,	104
The Progress of Love, a Song,	105
Song,	ib.

EPIGRAMS.

An Epigram, occasioned by the Word "one Prior," in the second Volume of Bishop Burnet's History,	106
An Epigram,	ib.
The Kings of Europe, a Jest,	ib.



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